The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904

The Approaching Short Session

On Monday, December 5, Congress will convene for the short session, expiring March 4. It may be safely assumed that no measures will become law at this session except such as have already been discussed, or as are not calculated to provoke opposition. Among the measures which The Outlook hopes to see carried through to completion are one for the protection of the President, popularly known as the "Anti-Anarchist Bill," one for the promotion of public improvements in the Philippines by authorizing the Philippine government to guarantee a low rate of interest on first mortgage bonds on certain contemplated railroads, and one for the reduction of the Philippine tariff to twenty-five per cent. of the ordinary tariff rates. The eight-hour bill, the anti-injunction bill, the pure food bill, and the bill providing a permanent civil government for the Panama Canal zone, are all matters of first importance, but we hardly expect to see decisive action taken on any of them at the approaching session of Congress. The President's Message will be laid before Congress probably on Monday morning. If the prognostication of well-informed newspaper correspondents may be trusted, the President will be silent on the race issue and the tariff issue, leaving these for subsequent consideration, and devote himself to recommendation of measures for carrying forward the policy of the Republican party as avowed in its campaign and ratified by the people. The executive policy of the Administration is indicated by three prospective appointments, as in anticipation reported on good authority. The President will renew his nomination of Mr. Crum for Collector of the Port of Charleston, and it is said that Senator Tillman will withdraw his opposition. We think it may be assumed that the President, while giving consideration to local sentiment in the South as elsewhere, will not depart from the principle which he has avowed: "I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color." He will appoint Mr. F. E. Leupp Commissioner of Indian Affairs to succeed Mr. Jones, the present Commissioner. This is in every way an admirable appointment. Mr. Leupp's ability as an investigator, his judicial-mindedness, his sterling integrity, are known to all who have any acquaintance with his past career, and he has especial expert knowledge of the Indian and the Indian problem. What is necessary to make his administration efficient is either executive or legislative action giving to the Indian Commissioner increased power. He is now little more than an adviser of the Secretary of the Interior. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, a lifelong Democrat, and a man of estimable character and notable ability, who suffered defeat in the general defeat of the Democratic party, has been, it is understood, offered his choice of appointment on the Isthmian Canal Commission or the Inter-State Commerce Commission, a fact which illustrates the purpose of the President to apply in his appointments the fundamental civil service principle that the best men are to be obtained, and that for those positions which are not distinctly political in their character party affiliations are no necessary bar to appointment.

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Some Post-Election Echoes

The Democratic organs seem to be more interested in finding a candidate for 1908 than in determining upon principles of action for 1905. Thus the New York "World" says that there is nothing for the Democratic party to do

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except "to emulate Br'er Rabbit and 'lay low' until they see what the Administration and Congress purpose to do or not to do." If the Democratic party has no alternative principles which it wishes carried out in government, this is excellent advice. This is not true, however, of all Democratic leaders. Mr. Bryan has certain political principles which he desires to carry out, and which he will lay before our readers in an early issue of The Outlook. Sound or unsound, they are real principles which he offers for discussion. Some influential Southern newspapers are wisely arguing that to keep the South solid is neither good morals nor good politics. Its only effect is to deprive the South of its legitimate influence in the life of the Nation. Thus the "Manufacturers' Record," of Baltimore, declares that there are thousands of men in the South who desire to advocate certain of the economic and governmental principles for which some of the Southern States stood before the war. The Nashville "Banner" specifies as Republican principles in which Southern Democrats believe, the protective tariff and the colonial policy. Some Southern journals indicate that even on the personal issue the South is by no means as solid as it has been represented. The Lexington "Advertiser" states that there were more white votes cast for Roosevelt in the State of Mississippi than negro votes, and the Jackson "Evening News," the Clark County "Times," and the Brookhaven "Leader," all of Mississippi, commend the appointments of Mr. Roosevelt in that State, and call on the South to give to Mr. Roosevelt a more unprejudiced consideration than has been accorded him in the past. Two of these journals quote from the editorial in The Outlook on "President Roosevelt and the South," respecting the President's Southern policy, and commend it. Not less significant was the enthusiastic applause given to Secretary Taft at New Orleans when, on the eve of his departure for Panama, he announced the anticipated visit of Mr. Roosevelt to the South next spring, and called upon his auditors "to look through his writings and find a single line that indicates hostility or sectional feeling toward the South," an announcement greeted, the telegraph tells us, "with great applause." Equally significant of conservative public sentiment in this country on another question are the utterances of Bishop Brent and Dr. Morgan Dix in Trinity Church in this city. Both of them meet the charge of imperialism with vigorous approval of the so-called imperialistic policy in the Philippines. Says Dr. Brent: "I come from the heart of the problem. There are eight millions of Malay people, children, who know nothing of liberty. They have been taught by kindly but unwise persons that liberty consists in independence. That is not the fact—we know it is not." Says Dr. Dix: "We can never sink back into the position of a second or third class people, narrow, sequestered, and selfishly shut up within itself. . . . What is there so dreadful, so direful, in that word 'imperialism' that it should be used to make us shudder and try to put away our birthright and our mission? . . . A clique of philosophers, a knot of objectors, cannot stand in the way for long." On the tariff the demand for revision seems to be growing in volume, both in the number and influence of its advocates. There appears to be substantial unanimity that tariff revision is essential, and disagreement only on the two questions: (1) Whether a special session should be called for that purpose. (2) How radical the revision should be, and on what lines it should be essayed.

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Two Speeches by the President: He Proposes a Theory

The President made two noteworthy public addresses in Washington last week which were both non-political and popular in the best sense of that much-abused word. The first was on the occasion of the one hundred and tenth anniversary of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, celebrated on Sunday. Speaking from a stone portico of the church, the President addressed a great audience of men, women, and children who stood out-of-doors. As Mr. Roosevelt is so widely

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and one-sidedly called the apostle of the "strenuous life," it is worth while to quote from this speech his own words defining what he really believes to be the basic qualities of the soundly developed man. "I wish," said Mr. Roosevelt—very happily paraphrasing and, it seems to us, improving Matthew Arnold's famous demand for "sweetness and light"—"to see in the average American citizen the development of the two sets of qualities, which we can roughly indicate as sweetness and strength—the qualities, on the one hand, which make the man able to hold his own, and those which, on the other hand, make him jealous of the rights of others just as much as for his own rights."

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He Makes a Practical Application

On Tuesday afternoon following his St. Patrick's address Mr. Roosevelt introduced Pastor Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," to a Washington audience. In the course of his excellent address of introduction the President told the following story:

A few weeks ago, when I was walking back from church one Sunday, I noticed a great fire, and found that it was Downey's livery stable—you recollect three or four weeks ago when the livery stable burned. Through a train of circumstances that I need not mention, my attention was particularly called to the case, and I looked into it. I had long known of the very admirable work done with singular modesty and self-effacement by Mr. Downey in trying to give homes to the homeless, and to be himself a friend of those in a peculiar sense friendless in this community, and I now by accident found out what had happened in connection with this particular incident. It appears that last spring Mr. Downey started to build a new livery stable; his stable is next door to a colored Baptist church. Mr. Downey is a white man and a Catholic, and these neighbors of his are colored men and Baptists, and their kinship was simply the kinship of that broad humanity that should underlie all our feelings toward one another. Mr. Downey started to build his stable, and naturally wanted to have it as big a stable as possible and build it right up to the limits of his land. That brought the wall close up against the back of the colored Baptists' church, cutting out the light and air. The preacher called upon him and told him that they would like to purchase a strip six feet wide of the ground of Mr. Downey, upon which he was intending to build, as it would be a great inconvenience to them to lose the light and air; that they were aware that it was asking a good deal of him to cramp the building out of which he intended to make his livelihood, but that they hoped he would do it because of their need. After a good deal of thought, Mr. Downey came to the conclusion that he ought to grant the request, and so he notified them that he would change his plans, make a somewhat smaller building, and sell them the six feet of land in the strip adjoining their church. After a little while the preacher came around with the trustees of the church and said that they very much appreciated Mr. Downey's courtesy and were sorry they had bothered him as they had, because, on looking into the affairs of the church, they found that, as they were already in debt, they did not feel warranted in incurring any further financial obligations and so they had to withdraw their request. They thanked him for his kindly purpose, and said good-by. But Mr. Downey found he could not get to sleep that night until finally he made up his mind that, as they could not buy it, he would give it to them, anyway, which he did. But, unfortunately, we know that the just and the unjust often suffer alike, and Mr. Downey's livery stable caught fire and burned down. It was Sunday morning, and the Baptist church was in session next door to him; and the clergyman stopped and said, "Now you women stay here and pray, and you men go straight out and help our benefactor, Mr. Downey," and go out they did, and got his horses all out, so that none of them was burned, although he suffered otherwise a total loss.

A better illustration of the wise admixture of strenuousness and modest consideration for others—sweetness and strength—could hardly be found than is presented in this story of Downey, the Washington liveryman.

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Arbitration

Last week at Washington three arbitration treaties were signed by Secretary Hay for the American Government and by the representatives of Germany, Switzerland, and Portugal for their respective Governments. These conventions follow the lines established by the treaty with France signed week before last. Other treaties, notably with England and Italy, are almost ready for signature, and emphasize, as does the admirably long list already entered into by France, the fact that arbitration has become the fashion. Further emphasis was given at the American Thanksgiving Day banquets

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in London and Paris. Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to England, said that when he asked Lord Lansdowne if the British Government were ready to negotiate a treaty of arbitration, "Why," replied Lord Lansdowne, "it goes without saying." Mr. Choate maintained that many things go without saying between Great Britain and America, as that both countries are ready to settle their differences peacefully, and that they are determined to avoid causes of offense, and so long as they stand together in support of righteousness and justice peace will be preserved. At the Paris dinner, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the distinguished French statesman and member of the Hague Tribunal, said that during the last few years the United States had given remarkable evidence of its power in shaping events which mark the world's advancement. When the Hague Tribunal had seemed almost forgotten and perhaps intentionally ignored, President Roosevelt brought it back to life by referring to it the Mexico-California case. Some European statesmen considered this a chimerical effort to resuscitate the Hague Tribunal, but it speedily led to the more important case of Venezuela versus Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. Thus saved, the Hague Court has made steady progress, the latest result being the submission of the Anglo-Russian disagreement to arbitration. The speaker closed with a toast to the success of President Roosevelt's proposition for a second meeting of the Hague Conference.

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The Minneapolis Voters' League

The Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, which has been so successful in improving the character of the Council of that city, has been in existence now nearly ten years. It is beginning to have imitators in other cities, one of the most conspicuous instances of successful imitation being that of Minneapolis. Except for the Ames régime, which was of short duration, conditions have not been as bad in Minneapolis as in many other cities. Yet there was room for improvement. About ten months ago the Voters' League was organized there, modeled distinctly after the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago. Minneapolis has the direct primary system of making nominations, and it was thought that this system would be a distinct advantage to an organization following League methods; and this has proved to be the case. The Minneapolis League undertook to report upon candidates for County Commissioner as well as upon those seeking seats in the City Council. The primaries were held in September. Of four Republican candidates for nomination as County Commissioner approved by the League three were nominated. In the matter of Aldermen, the League indorsed seven candidates on the Republican ticket, of whom six were nominated. Of four candidates approved on the Democratic ticket all were nominated. Thus the most important work of the Minneapolis League was done at the primaries. The unusual successes achieved were attributed by League officials and newspaper commentators to the direct system of making nominations. The election for city officers in Minneapolis comes at the same time as the Presidential election, a situation which renders independent voting on the municipal ticket more difficult. At the regular election the League, although it made recommendations in all cases, was particularly interested in the outcome in three of the four Commissioner districts and in two wards. In two or three of the Commissioner districts the League recommendations carried. In one of the contested wards the candidate favored by the League was elected, while in the other there was a margin of only 21 votes between the two candidates, out of a total of more than 4,500. On the whole, therefore, the first campaign of the Voters' League of Minneapolis was distinctly encouraging, and full of hope for workers in the field of municipal betterment everywhere. It is also encouraging to note that David P. Jones was nominated for Mayor at the direct primaries, and elected to the office on November 8. Mr. Jones is a member of the City Council, and became Acting Mayor when Ames was deposed. In

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the short time during which he was at the head of affairs, Mr. Jones worked wonders in the municipal administration of Minneapolis. At the recent election he had the opposition of friends of ex-Mayor Ames, of the public service corporations, of powerful liquor interests, and of important factions in his party—the Republican—some of which he had antagonized by his friendship for the newly organized Voters' League. Under the circumstances it perhaps is not surprising that his lead was but 202 in a total vote cast for Mayor of about 40,000. Minneapolis is to be congratulated on the outcome.

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The "Closed Shop" and the Boycott

In his reply to addresses of welcome delivered before the Convention of the American Federation of Labor at San Francisco, Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation, offered a defense of the "closed shop." He strongly objected to the term, because it implies that efficient workmen should be shut out from employment. Against this implication he declared that "the union not only opens wide its doors, inviting all to join, but sends out its organizers and missionaries to induce by every honorable means within their power the non-unionists to share in the advantages that come from united and associated effort." In view of that fact, he likened the arrangement by which a firm agreed to employ only members of a union to the arrangement by which a firm contracts with a dealer to furnish exclusively raw material or machinery. If under such an arrangement certain workmen are excluded from employment, it is only by their own short-sightedness in declining to accept the benefits of organization. The Outlook has never contended that the union shop (as Mr. Gompers prefers to call the "closed shop") is or ought to be illegal. But under present conditions it is, even from the point of view of the labor union, undesirable and disadvantageous; it is used as a device to coerce reluctant workingmen to join the union, which ought to be a wholly voluntary organization; and this spirit of coercion often leads on to boycotting and to violence. It should be legal for a union to require its members not to work in any shop where non-union labor is employed; but it is, or ought to be, illegal for it to engage in a conspiracy to intimidate non-union men or injure those concerns which employ them. The distinction between the effort of a union to benefit itself with incidental injury to others, and the effort deliberately to injure others for supposed benefit to itself, may be difficult to establish in court; but so are all questions of motive. That the courts are willing and able to inquire into the motive in labor cases was shown by a decision rendered in San Francisco during the session of this Convention. A certain stableman's union carried placards in front of a grocery store labeled, "Unfair firm; don't patronize." This act was decided to be not only infamous in itself, but a positive breach of the peace. This decision is both good law and good morals.

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Japanese Medical Administration

At a meeting of the New York State Medical Association held last week in this city a paper on the "Medical and Surgical Features of the Russo-Japanese War" was read by Major Louis L. Seaman, M.D., which ought to be brought to the attention of the entire country. Dr. Seaman was until recently a surgeon in the army, and wished to be sent to the scene of the Russo-Japanese war as a representative of the medical side of the army. Failing to persuade the War Department of the importance of studying the work of the Japanese medical staff, he resigned his post and went in his private capacity. The report which he makes of the efficiency displayed and the remarkable results achieved by the Japanese army surgeons not only confirms what Mr. Kennan has already told readers of The Outlook of the scientific and intelligent way in which the Japanese Government has pursued its work in the present campaign, but throws a rather unpleasant although we hope illuminating ray of light upon the defects of the medical work of our own army. In

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most wars even of modern times there are more deaths from preventable disease among the soldiers than from wounds actually received in battle. As a matter of fact, statistics show that four men die of disease for every one who falls from bullets. In the Spanish-American War of only six weeks' duration fourteen hundred men died from disease to every one hundred killed by weapons. With their remarkable capability for getting at the basic facts, the Japanese discovered this relation of disease to military operations. They themselves in the Chino-Japanese War suffered in the proportions stated above. Before entering on the Russian campaign they determined to eliminate the factor of disease. "Every man," said a Japanese officer to Dr. Seaman, "who dies in our army must die on the field of battle. In this way we shall neutralize the superiority of the Russian numbers and stand on a comparatively equal footing." Dr. Seaman points out that they are, with almost complete success, accomplishing this purpose. The Japanese authorities are courteously laughing in their sleeves at the eagerness with which Western Governments have sent military experts to study phases of their army's work, such as marksmanship, in which they neither claim to be nor are especially efficient, and have declined to send experts to study their manner of treatment of disease and wounds, in which they do claim to be and really are extraordinarily efficient. The only thing cheering to Americans about the facts brought to light by Dr. Seaman's investigation is that the Japanese have learned in our medical schools and hospitals the sanitary, therapeutic, and surgical principles and methods which they are now applying with so much success. We know how to do it better than they do, but actually do it not nearly so well. To be sure, the War Department is to some extent hampered by Congress, and Congress is composed of laymen who do not appreciate the great importance of sanitary and hygienic prevention of disease. But we think that Dr. Seaman is entirely right in his contention that the medical side of military administration is something which should receive the very careful consideration of our War Department. "For," says Dr. Seaman, "like the rest of the world, we go blundering on, spending millions annually for the maintenance of great military schools and arsenals and war colleges, educating men in the art of human destruction, while the more formidable adversary in the ranks, the grim specter that kills eighty per cent., is left comparatively unheeded!"

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A Loss to English Journalism

No event of recent years in the newspaper world of England is comparable in its significance and importance with the acquisition of the "Standard" by Mr. H. A. Pearson. The London "Standard" is a newspaper with a history, and it occupied a remarkable position in English journalism. It was started in the twenties of last century to oppose the popular movements for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and for Catholic Enfranchisement. In 1828 the cause of the Nonconformists triumphed over all opposition, and religious tests were abolished. In 1829 Catholic Emancipation was conceded by the Wellington Government, and two outworks of the Established Church which dated back to Tudor and Stuart times were thus abandoned. From 1829 the "Standard" continued to be the exponent of Tory principles and the great champion in the London daily press of the existing connection between Church and State in England. It enjoyed no great prosperity as a newspaper during the many years in which Whig Governments were in office; but with the abolition of the paper and advertisement duties in the sixties, and the advent of the Tories to power in 1874, it was, by good management, pushed into the front rank of London daily newspapers. It has always been a Tory newspaper, but it has never been the organ of the party, nor the organ of any Tory Government. It was the most independent Tory newspaper in England, and at times it did not hesitate to criticise adversely the actions and policy of the political party which it supported.

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To a certain extent its proprietors and editors stood aloof from the Tory party; for, unlike those of the "Telegraph" and the "Morning Post," they accepted no favors or rewards from Tory Governments. No proprietor of the "Standard" ever accepted a peerage, and none of its editors was ever made a knight or a baronet in return for services which he had rendered to the Tory party. While the "Standard," in its editorial columns, was always the exponent of Tory principles, it reported the utterances of members of both political parties with admirable fairness, and invariably in accordance with the best traditions of English reporting. It was never in agreement with Nonconformists; but no daily newspaper in London gave greater care than the "Standard" to the reporting of all important meetings and conventions in connection with the Free Churches. It was less Cockney in tone and outlook than any of the other daily newspapers, and it had a larger circulation outside London than any other metropolitan daily journal. For thirty years it has represented the best ideals in English journalism; and now it has passed under the control of a man whose chief distinction is the wealth he has made as an exploiter of the new journalism in connection with both weekly and daily newspapers. Hitherto the "Standard" has opposed Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal schemes; but its new proprietor is treasurer of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal reform league, so that in the acquisition of the "Standard" by Mr. Pearson, Mr. Chamberlain achieves as great a *coup* as when his friends captured for him the whole of the Birmingham daily press, or when, through Mr. Pearson's purchase and extinction of the Newcastle "Leader," the Liberals of the northeast of England were left without a daily newspaper.

❀

An Overworked Parliament

Quite apart from the long-standing agitation for Home Rule for Ireland, several suggestions are now being discussed in Great Britain for relieving Parliament from some of the enormous mass of work—most of it detail and provincial—which for ten years has increasingly pressed upon it. The most definite and most recent of these proposals—one which has been put forward since Parliament adjourned—is that for Ireland, with which the Earl of Dunraven's name is associated. The Irish Reform Association, of which Lord Dunraven is President, has recently been organized to press for the establishment of National Councils sitting in Dublin, which should have administrative control over Irish finance, and should relieve the Imperial Parliament of certain functions connected with Irish local business. One of these Irish Councils is to deal exclusively with finance. It is to prepare the Irish estimates for Parliament, and to exercise a control over finance not unlike that of the Exchequer of the days when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. The claim for the establishment of the other Council is based on Ireland's needs in legislation, and on the success which has attended the working of the Private Legislation Procedure Act, passed for Scotland in 1899. How much Ireland needs some such scheme may be judged from the fact that last year the Borough of Newry spent $60,000 on its water-works, and the expenses incurred in obtaining the sanction of Parliament to this scheme amounted to $41,500. Since the passing of the Scotch Act of 1899 the Welsh Radicals have been asking for a somewhat similar devolution of Parliamentary business in the case of the Principality. The Welsh, like the Irish, however, want more than a mere duplication of the Act of 1899. Wales is a homogeneous section of Great Britain, with well-defined boundary lines and well-defined needs; and, like the Irish of Lord Dunraven's school of thought, they would like a National Council. As yet Wales has no National Council created by Parliamentary enactment; but it has a National Liberal Council, which will press the demands of Wales upon the next Liberal Government. These are non-sectarian elementary education, the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales (a proposal to which Gladstone gave his assent), and the establishment of a legislative body charged with duties similar to those

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which the Irish Reform Association desires to see intrusted to a National Council sitting in Dublin. It is municipal legislation which has added so much to the work of Parliament; and unless Parliament is to sit all the year round, it is inevitable that there must be created for England and Scotland, as well as for Ireland and Wales, provincial Councils, to which must be delegated work which, however important in its way, is provincial in character.

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A University Object-Lesson

In university circles, the visit on November 22 and 23 of a large delegation of Georgians to the University of Wisconsin is an event of National interest. For some years past there have been excursions of boards and delegations from the North to inquire into Southern educational conditions and to discuss ways and means of progress. But the present visit, in which Mr. George Foster Peabody has been the prime mover, is of still stronger significance. The University of Georgia, a State institution, having made considerable progress in recent years under its Chancellor, Dr. Hill, and anticipating a further increase of resources, now inquires how its funds may best be applied, and what special purposes and methods may best be pursued. After careful consideration, Wisconsin has been selected as the State university best suited to give suggestions for successfully meeting the problems which Georgia confronts. The University of Wisconsin is supported almost entirely by State funds. It is probably unexcelled in the strength of its hold upon the people and in the tangible and material benefits which, especially through its practical departments—agriculture, history, geology, etc.—it has conferred upon the Commonwealth. Georgia has need of various lessons which Wisconsin may teach. Some of these are so well understood by the leading colleges that they should be truisms, but they are not so in Georgia; for instance, that a university position should always seek the man, and not the man the position; and, again, that routine promotion of instructors is not so conducive to effort as is the system of requiring promotion to be earned through meritorious service. But there are more particular lessons for which Wisconsin is specially fitted to give example and precept. The greatest of these is the value of concentration of resources and efforts. The University of Wisconsin has a single plant; the libraries and laboratories are used jointly by many groups of students, and the departments of instruction supplement one another. But in Georgia the State funds for higher education are divided among six branches of the University, located in five different towns. A further lesson is that of the value of research work. The University of Georgia's motto is, "Et docere et rerum causas exquirere"—that is to say, the object of the University is both to teach and to investigate; but the second clause of it has rarely been carried into practice. Wisconsin has seized upon the principle that research is of great strength to aid instruction, and has taken special advantage of the opportunities for fruitful inquiry which the local field has offered, for example, in history, economics, geology, and agriculture. Another notable feature at Wisconsin is the popularity and vigor which the University draws from its work of instruction along the practical lines—engineering, agriculture, pedagogy, and commerce. In all of these things the University of Georgia needs development. For that growth it is now endeavoring to acquire the benefit of Wisconsin's experience. The student body at Georgia, drawn as it is from famiies which transmit a pronounced native ability, and from homes which have already given much of the training that colleges are in many cases expected to give, is composed of as splendid a set of youths as can be found in the land. Should the University reach a thorough development, its graduates will not fail to be heard from. The special significance to Northern men of this University visit is the practical demonstration it affords of that spirit of vitality, energy, and desire for "all-round" development which is characteristic of the South of to-day.

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The Catholic University

The whole country is interested in the conditions and prospects of the Catholic University at Washington, because that institution represents the highest standards and the freest spirit in education among institutions of the Church. The financial disaster which overtook its treasurer last spring threatened at one time seriously to cripple the institution, and the cheerful statement made by Cardinal Gibbons is therefore the more welcome. The Cardinal has pledged himself, if necessary, to sacrifice his own fortune in order to preserve the University, but the way seems to be open to a speedy recovery from recent disasters, and the University is not likely to call upon its friends for such radical self-denial. Last year its receipts, apart from its regular income, amounted to $150,000, of which $69,000 were used in the payment of debts, $50,000 were invested, and the remainder devoted to current expenses. There was, therefore, no deficit; nor is there at present any floating debt. The Knights of Columbus donated to the University $50,000, making a total investment for the year of $100,000; the investments being made by men of the best business judgment. The funds of the University formerly handled by its treasurer aggregated $881,000; the property of the University, its lands, buildings, and equipments, standing entirely by themselves and being absolutely free from any complication with the disaster. The funds in the treasurer's hands are protected by securities which, it is believed, with time, will insure the University against serious loss. Meanwhile, however, and pending final adjustment of claims now in litigation, the University is largely deprived of its usual revenues. The friends of the University have guaranteed a sufficient amount, together with the next annual collection, to enable the institution to pay all its current expenses and invest a considerable additional sum, and the system of financial administration has been reorganized in such a way as to render the management of funds in the future absolutely secure. This statement indicates a much more hopeful condition than friends of the University have feared existed; and Cardinal Gibbons is quite right in saying that to non-Catholics the united efforts in behalf of the institution, and the sacrifices which its friends stand ready to make, show that the directors of the University have at heart the best interests of education, and are not to be thwarted by difficulties.

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The death of General di Cesnola, who had been director of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City for twenty-seven years, ended a career which began in Turin, Italy, and was extraordinarily varied in its fortunes. Educated at the Royal Military Academy in his native city, General di Cesnola served in the Sardinian army in the war of 1849 and in the Crimean War, secured a Colonel's commission in a cavalry regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War in this country, was wounded in 1863, confined in Libby Prison for nine months, sent as Consul to Cyprus at the close of the war, where he bought large collections of antiquities, and became director of the Museum in 1877. With the severe criticism passed upon him from time to time, and the charges brought against him in 1879, the public was sufficiently familiar when made. All attempts to remove him from the directorship of the Museum were fruitless; and it must be conceded, even by those who saw most clearly the defects of General di Cesnola's administration, that it grew to be an institution of commanding position while he was its head. Coincident with the death of General di Cesnola comes the election of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan as President of the Metropolitan Museum, the best choice on many grounds that could have been made, for Mr. Morgan, who is known chiefly to the country at large as a financier, is also a lover of art and has first-hand knowledge in many of the fields for which the Museum stands. He has in rare degree not only executive faculty, but ability as a reorganizer, and it is safe to say that, so far as the higher interests of New York are concerned, no more important opportunity has ever come to him than that which is now

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presented. It comes, fortunately, at a time when his career as a financier has passed through its most arduous stages, his reputation is thoroughly established, and he has the leisure necessary for the work. For the Museum needs reorganization. It needs a director of the highest intelligence in art, the broadest judgment, and first-class administrative capacity. It needs more thorough arrangement, more exact cataloguing, and its staff can be bettered by the addition of more expert knowledge. The Museum has command of a great income. If it is thoroughly organized as regards arrangement, cataloguing, the command of the services of an expert staff, far-seeing and intelligent buying, perception of the opportunities for affiliation with foreign and domestic institutions, the great chances for art education and the development of art interest in this country, the rare opportunity of concentrating art interests of all sorts in New York City and of making the Museum a center of art education, and the possible revival in some form of affiliation between the Museum and Columbia University, it will be not only one of the foremost museums of its kind in the New World, but an educational force of first-class importance.

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The Chadwick "Jubilee Concert"

On Monday of last week a concert was given in Boston consisting wholly of the compositions of George W. Chadwick. The occasion was the celebration of his birth fifty years ago last month. Belonging in that small group of American composers whose works are known abroad as well as at home, he holds a special place by virtue of his versatility. He has gained distinction by his songs, his orchestral and chamber music, his choral music, and his church music in small and large forms. He has even won a popular success by a comic opera. Moreover, he is widely known as a teacher of harmony, composition, and orchestration, as an organist, and as a conductor of the music festivals at Springfield and Worcester, Massachusetts. The programme of the "jubilee concert" presented only songs and orchestral works. One very distinct impression made by this concert was that American music is by no means wholly imitative, an echo of Munich or Berlin. Mr. Chadwick's compositions illustrate the truth that America may win artistic independence not by the establishment of a so-called "National school," but by the success with which each composer expresses himself in his work.

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The Movement in Russia

Hardly less surprising than the success of the Japanese in the Far East is the clear and courageous expression of the political aspirations and hopes of the Russian people by a large body of influential men. When Turgenieff wrote "Smoke" and "Virgin Soil," he was taken to task by Russians of liberal tendencies as a renegade to the cause of liberalism because those powerful stories were weighted with a sense of the hopelessness of any movement toward a freer life in the Russian Empire. One of them recorded the impression of a clear-sighted, thoughtful man, who found that, to breathe freely, he had to live out of Russia, and who became so influential a figure that, when he returned to his native country for his last visit, he was urgently requested to leave by a Government which did not dare to order his arrest. Those who have known Russia most intimately have despaired of any real modifications of existing conditions for many years to come; it has seemed to them that the only hope in the near future lay in the highly improbable event of the accession to the throne of a man of genius and of heroic will-power; a man who would insist upon seeing with his own eyes, and who would break through the barriers with which the Czar is surrounded by the most elaborate and thoroughly intrenched bureaucracy or "ring" in the history of the world, and, discerning actual conditions, deal with Russian problems face to face.

The difficulty of the situation has lain in the fact that there seemed to be no class in Russia that could be organized

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into a Liberal party. The nobility, both old and new, has depended very largely for its support on the court. Many of the greatest nobles were impoverished by the emancipation of the serfs, and are able to keep up the state in which they live by drawing liberally on the Government in return for some kind of service. In a certain sense the Russian nobility is as dependent on the Czar as was the French nobility on the King in the time of Louis XIV., when all France was drained to give splendor to the court at Versailles. There is practically no middle class in Russia; there is a small group, relatively, of university-bred men and of highly educated women, and it is this group which has fed the Liberal and the Revolutionary movements. A distinguished Russian official, commenting on the condition of his country several years ago, said that if at any country house one met a Russian woman of exceptional intelligence and charm, she was usually a Nihilist. It is significant that whenever there is any agitation in Russia there is always a disturbance in the universities, and the leaded lashes of the Cossacks have fallen most frequently on the backs of students. There is a small commercial class, relatively, largely made up of Jews. Then comes a third class, forming the broad base of Russian society, the moujiks or peasants; faithful, patient, unintelligent, and apparently incapable of united action, almost worshiping the Czar, and detesting the Government. In such a society the difficulties of organizing and conducting an effective Liberal movement have seemed insurmountable; and those who have known most intimately the tragic story of the blasting of promising genius, the withering of the highest aspirations and throttling of the natural impulses of a great people, have despaired of any immediate alleviation of conditions unless a miracle should be wrought in the appearance on the scene of a Czar of genius.

At the close of the Crimean War, Alexander II., who was not a man of genius but who was a ruler of generous impulses and of kindly nature, with a great admiration for Washington and warm friendship for this country, saw the necessity of organic changes in Russia to re-establish prostrated industry and save the country from ruin. Turgenieff's "Annals of a Sportsman," describing actual conditions, opened the Czar's eyes to the miseries of the serfs and led to the abolition of serfdom. This measure was supplemented by a concession of certain rights of local self-government covering the appropriation of money for local purposes and the administration of local affairs; and these in turn were to be supplemented by a third and, in a sense, more decisive step in advance, for the Czar had planned an Imperial legislature, which should stand to the Empire somewhat in the relation which the zemstvos stand to the provinces. The ukase, or official proclamation, was actually in type when the Czar fell by the hand of an assassin. It was charged and believed at the time, and for years afterwards, that he was killed by a Nihilist. It is now believed that he was the victim of the Reactionaries; that the terrible disaster which arrested the natural develpment of the great Empire was a crime committed, not by Revolutionists, but by Reactionaries. With the tragic death of Alexander II. the forward movement came to a sudden and tragic end, and reaction of the most pronounced type set in. Imperial decrees suspended trial by jury, and administrative processes, as they are called, took the place of regular legal procedure; the zemstvos were put under rigid surveillance, and their powers gradually and radically restricted.

When the present Czar came to the throne, there were many who hoped that he would represent a more liberal policy. That hope has not been realized. The excellence of his character, the kindliness of his nature, the purity of his domestic life, are beyond question; but he is either a man of limited capacity, under the control of stronger minds, or, as the writer of the remarkable article in the "Quarterly Review" last summer declared, a fanatic bent on the most rigid application of the principles of absolutism.

When the call for the meeting of the presidents of the zemstvos, reported in

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these columns two weeks ago, was issued, and it was known that these officials would seriously and frankly discuss the situation of affairs in the Empire, the greatest surprise was felt, and it was doubted whether they would be allowed to meet. It had been planned to hold open conferences in the Hôtel de Ville. When the time arrived, the public meetings were forbidden, but private sessions were allowed, and those sessions, beginning on Saturday, November 19th, were held for four days, without any interference on the part of the Government. It is an interesting fact that, while no account of the proceedings of these conferences has been published in Russia, yet, owing to the skillful diplomacy of Mr. Melville E. Stone, the head of the Associated Press in this country, in his interview with the Czar last winter, full reports have been sent to this country without any interference on the part of the censor, and the reports have been sent back to Russia. The breaking out of the war did not create so great a sensation in the centers of Russian life, and the progress of the war has not aroused greater interest.

The full details of the proceedings of the heads of the zemstvos have not been reported, but it is quite clear that, for the first time in many decades, the Russian people have spoken, and the Czar will have the opportunity of knowing what they think and what they demand. They have carefully separated themselves from the Revolutionists, and their declaration will undoubtedly be couched in the most respectful language; for it is a high offense to criticise the Russian Government in any form, and many attending the conferences might, under ordinary conditions, be sent to Siberia. The memorial was presented to the Czar by Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky last Wednesday, and declared, in effect, that there now exists a complete estrangement between the ruler and the people of Russia, due to the mutual lack of confidence, and that this has never been so apparent as since the outbreak of the present war; that the Government has no means of knowing the truth about the country and what the people want, because the people are excluded from every part of the government; that tutelage by bureaucrats is encouraged and self-reliance discountenanced; that many cities are in a state of siege, under arbitrary rule, with suspension of law; that a disintegrating influence is at work on society; that the bureaucracy promotes religious intolerance, stifles freedom of speech, and will inevitably lead to a revolt of brute force. The representatives of the provincial assemblies declare themselves the opponents of the Revolutionists and urge a complete understanding between the Government and the people; they profess firm faith in the monarchy, but pray that it may become constitutional. They ask for the concession of the inviolability of the person and private domicile, the inviolability of regular legal procedure in all cases, and of the decisions of independent law authorities; they pray for the abolition of the state of siege in many of the cities, for amnesty for all persons punished by administrative processes, and for a share in the Government by the people through some form of national representative assembly. In other words, they propose a constitutional monarchy in place of the present system of absolutism.

It is not easy to get at public sentiment in Russia, but the country appears to have been profoundly moved so far as it has heard of what has happened in St. Petersburg. The editors of the leading journals have been in conference with the representatives of the zemstvos, and it is reported that arrangements have been made for a meeting of representatives of the principal cities of Russia, in order that the municipalities may give a kind of official support to the action of the St. Petersburg conference. The members of that conference have left the capital, and will carry the news of their action to all parts of the Empire. The feeling among many of them is jubilant, and the phrase "The Rubicon is crossed" has been heard on all sides. The history of the next few days promises to be critical in the history of Russia. The Czar stands between the demands of the people for the reorganization of the governmental system on the one hand, and the bureaucracy and what

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is called the Grand Ducal ring on the other. If he follows the path opened up by the action of the zemstvos, he will doom the old system, which is so thoroughly intrenched in the policy of his family and their interests, as well as in the interests of a great body of office-holders, thoroughly organized and determined not to yield an inch. It is difficult to believe that Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky would have gone so far without some intimation of approval from the Czar; that more than a hundred delegates from the provincial assemblies should have been permitted to meet in St. Petersburg and to remain in continuous session four days in order to frame a memorial to the Czar containing substantial demands for constitutional government, and that such memorial should be presented by the Minister of the Interior, unless there was an understanding of some kind between the Minister and the Czar. The action of the Czar in receiving at his palace four of the prominent zemstvo delegates and listening to their views is a hopeful sign of his disposition.

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The Books Children Read

In its annual Book Number last year The Outlook endeavored to lay before its readers a report, based on information collected by expert librarians and students, of the tastes of the reading public in this country; this year it endeavors to give an impression, based on wide inquiry, of the kind and quality of the books read by children. Miss McCracken, with whose skill in investigating some of the most significant aspects of social life in this country readers of The Outlook are familiar, presents the results of a wide interrogation of mothers, who may be regarded as representing all classes of Americans, with regard to the reading habits of their children; and this survey is supplemented by three short reminiscences of youthful taste in books by writers of distinction who represent the three generations now active and influential.

There are few subjects with which it is more difficult to deal in a spirit of dispassionate inquiry than the books one loved in childhood; and no mature person who has kept his interest in books can ever be indifferent to the books which, in substance or illustration, bring back the old days when time paused on long summer afternoons until the chapter was finished, or the dancing lights from the open fire lent a magical quality to the book in the hand. In all good games two elements are found—an appeal to the imagination or an appeal to action; and no game ever gets hold of a boy unless it sets his fancy or his legs in motion. The normal, well-balanced child is at home in two worlds: by daylight he is the most uncompromising of realists, with a touch of the barbarian in his eagerness to gain his point and in his indifference to suffering; by firelight he is a dreamer and a poet, ready, like De Quincey, to create a world, fill it with people, rule it with supreme authority, and count it a thing so real that its destruction is a tragedy in his life. The same boys who boastfully scorn fairy tales and ghost stories in the garish light of day succumb instantly to their charms or terrors when the shadows deepen in the corners and bring back the mysteries which terrified the race in its childhood.

Children, it must always be remembered, reproduce in every generation the earlier stages of racial growth, and the books put into their hands ought to supply the same substance, however different the form, upon which children were nourished when the Greeks were telling wonderful stories about the Gods and the Norsemen were building Valhalla in the clouds above the reach of the giants. There is something of the romanticist in every healthy boy or girl, and the love of action ought never be separated from the love of the ideal, the spiritual, the poetic; a child who is so educated that he becomes intimate with forms of life and estranged from its soul is defrauded of the best part of his inheritance and crippled at the start in the race for perfection. The world of youth remains, despite imperfect education and false ideals of maturity, a world of

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romance and poetry; and the little group who hung on Goethe's report of his wonderful experiences in a certain high-walled garden to which there was no door has its successors in every modern community.

The little girl about whom Miss McCracken tells us, who "wouldn't take just one of the little red Shakespeare books," but who would "take the *big* Shakespeare book that's got everything in it that's in *all* the little red books," and who said that she hadn't any "favorite books," only "favorite kinds of books," that she didn't "like any *one* special fairy book," she "only liked all fairy books *specially*," spoke for one great need of childhood which can never be denied without impoverishing the child. The individual child may prefer "The Arabian Nights," or Mr. Lang's long list of wonderful fairy tales, or "Alice in Wonderland," or Hans Andersen's "Märchen," or Mr. Harris's folk stories, or "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz;" the universal child wants the gates open out of the actual which he sees into the ideal in which he believes.

For the same reason, children love poetry when the right kind of poetry is read to them so that they feel the spell of its rhythm. They love the poetry that stirs the blood and appeals to the instinct for action, and they love the poetry that sings and appeals to the imagination; they love the White Plume of Navarre, and they love Wordsworth's "Daffodils," and the songs in "The Princess," "Baby Bell," and "The Village Blacksmith." If they were more often made sensitive in childhood to language in its singing moods, they would find the fight against materialism later in life easier to carry on and to win. For the same reason, children love stories which they can act; for such stories take them into magical or imaginary worlds. Their imagination responds unconsciously to the appeal of the tale that they cease to read and begin to live it. The little girl who replied to the remark, "The wood is lovely to-day," "This is the *forest*. I'm Una, and there's the lion," spoke for one great group of normal children. Mrs. Rice was fortunate enough to be put to sleep with the adventures of "Wee Sir Gibbie" and "Donald Grant;" Colonel Higginson records admiration for "D'Arlon;" and Dr. van Dyke, who happily began his career by fishing in summer weather and hunting old book-shops in less genial months with his father, reports his devotion to "The Tempest" and "As You Like It" even in the days when "The White Chief" and "The Gorilla Hunters" absorbed his attention.

Normal children are poets, but they are also actors and realists; they have the passion for knowing things and for doing things. Since children began to read at all they have loved stories of the men who face perils, surmount obstacles, and give dreams the weight of reality by realizing them in action and in conditions. They love fairy stories, tales of the magicians, and wonder books of all sorts, because in these various chapters of the great book in which the race has written its autobiography men not only think great things but achieve them. There is a prophetic sense in children, and they believed in Aladdin centuries before Mr. Edison, M. Marconi, and Mr. Bell worked wonders quite as amazing as those wrought by their famous forerunners in prehistoric times.

Dr. van Dyke makes frank confession of his early liking for "Quentin Durward" and "Count Robert of Paris." Who of us has not liked books for whose form he no longer cares, but whose appeal was, after all, to something which antedates literary taste in experience? The first of these stories still has claims on our attention, though it can no longer hold its old place; the second is a pathetic record of Scott's failing powers; but both have heroic stuff in them, and boys love the stuff of which heroes are made even when the heroes are very imperfectly made. They read Plutarch—an inexhaustible storehouse of the tales and incidents which reveal virile men in action—Livingstone's Journals, "The Bush Boys," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Treasure Island," because men live in their pages in breathless or heroic or audacious action, and all these kinds of strenuous living give expression to the energy sleeping in the boy.

Children read stories about animals because here, too, they are dealing with

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a fascinating side of the real world; and they are specially attracted by those books which bring animals into touch with men as Æsop did and as Mr. Kipling has done. The little boy who forgot some of the things Mowgli does, but didn't and couldn't forget Mowgli, stands for the great company of boys who lose the details of action out of memory, but who hold fast to the central figure from which all the activity streams.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be that children still read the books which feed the poet in them and the books which express the man of action in them; that they love animals as did the earliest children; that they instinctively dramatize life and devour books which set events in dramatic order or portray men and women in dramatic movement; that they love heroes and men who do things; and that they like the books or kinds of books which their elders like. Too many books have been written for them; they ought never to be separated from those books which have nourished mature men and women in every generation, because, to recall Ben Jonson's phrase, these books have been "rammed with life." Children ought to form the reading habit as they form the habit of being courteous, because it is the normal habit of the home, and they ought to read good books because no books that are not good ought to be within their reach.

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The Appeal of Love

The seeds are folded in the earth, but they are asleep until the morning comes after the night of winter and the sun thrills them into life. As that splendid herald comes up from the south all things that have the power of motion in them lift themselves in an ecstasy of delight and begin that climbing toward the light which is the very soul of the process of life. At every closed door the summons of the sun is answered by a faint stirring as of a dumb thing in deep slumber; then comes a breaking of the casings which have kept the tiny root of vitality safe; then the delicate thrusting of a slender tendril toward the warmth; then the ascension of the living thing into the upper air, and the consummation of its being in complete unfolding and flowering. If ears were attuned to those soundless sounds which blend in the unheard harmony to which all things move, how entrancing would be the far, delicate, multiplying murmur of the northward journey of the sun, knocking at the unnumbered doors behind which life sleeps in the still earth, and announcing that morning has dawned again out of the fathomless depths of space!

Nothing stirs until it is summoned. Potentialities slumber everywhere awaiting the knock on the door which shall bid them spring to life, stand erect, and go forth to the work of the day. If the earliest history were recorded, it would register the slow awakening of the body, mind, and heart of the race at the call of the materials and power, the beauty and order, the passion and devotion, of nature and of life. The deepest civilization has come out of a multitude of responses to the appeal of the world outside of man to the world within him; and his character has been made or unmade by the nature of the appeals to which he has responded. In those ages when the wonder and mystery of life, the vision of the divine always disclosing and withdrawing itself, the vast order drifting into view at times out of clouds and darkness and then vanishing again, have appealed to him most deeply, he gave his heart to religion and peopled the woods and fields with divinities or built cathedrals in which to house his thought of God. In those ages in which beauty kept company with him in his daily vocations and made her home under his roof in a fellowship which seems incredible in these later days, he carved and painted and built as if the creative spirit had possessed not only his imagination, but the sight of his eyes and the skill of his hands; and in other and later ages, when the processes of nature have bared themselves to his gaze and the forces of nature offered themselves for his service, he has become a magician and annihilated time and space and possessed himself of the ends of the earth.

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In all the long years of his unfolding, and the vast range of the voices that have called him to thought and feeling and action, no voice has had such potency as the voice of love, nor has any other appeal sounded in his soul a note so compelling. He has been called to worship, to speak the language of beauty, to put on the robes of magic, and in his turn wake the sleeping forces of the world; but the one voice in all these activities that has pierced his soul, and made him master artist, magician, and seeker after God, has been the voice of the master passion.

For love is the creative force in life, summoning the soul into earthly being from one knows not what incalculable distance of space; cherishing it while it neither understands itself nor the body which houses it; surrounding it with all manner of influences which appeal to the highest in it; evoking its latent nobleness; teaching it the great lesson of the noble life, the wisdom to know to what voices to respond and to what to turn a deaf ear. "Follow me," said the divinest of teachers, and they followed him through storms and death to the vision of the great White Rose in Paradise. "Take the throne," cried the witches on the lonely heath, and Macbeth put forth his hand to crime and shame and universal wreck. As the germ of life slowly awakens and shyly climbs to the light, so does the spirit of one who loves answer the call of love and shape itself to all purity and devotion and nobleness in response to that call. In all the world of sound there are no voices so compelling and transforming as those which are never heard, but are always sounding in a man's soul beyond the reach of the tumult of the world. There is no force which draws so irresistibly as a beautiful human soul revealing itself unconsciously in the intimacy of daily duty and homely work. In such companionship, as Goethe has said of another kind of music, "good thoughts stand before us like free children of God, and cry, 'We are come!'"

Love evokes good thoughts because like seeks like everywhere; it calls them out of the depths of the soul and they rise at its bidding by a divine compulsion. It was said of a gracious woman of the eighteenth century that to know her was a liberal education; not so much by reason of the intelligence that streamed from her mind and heart as by reason of the impulses and motives which she awoke in others; for education is less a matter of giving than of receiving. The silent appeal of love to justify its faith has held many a man firm when lower things have assailed him; and the appeal to realize its ideals has lifted many a man to heights which he would have had neither the desire nor the will to climb if he had been compelled to make the journey alone. It is the star shining with steady and lustrous ray at the summit which makes the thorny path the road to strength and peace and knowledge of the things that endure the tide of years.

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The Spectator

Where in the world do all the books come from? And if such a multitude of them are written and published every year, how many are written and not published? The Spectator recently was looking over some statistics of the number of "books and pamphlets" issued throughout the world in a year. The total was 132,376, and many countries, such as Brazil, Bulgaria, China, Greece, and Servia, were not included in the count. Germany heads the list with 26,906; Japan comes next with 21,255; and, after Japan, Russia, with 17,895; then France (12,199); Italy (9,975); and the United States sixth, 7,833. The year was 1902 for most of the countries on the list, but some were behind with their statistics, and the figures given for Russia were of the year 1895.

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All were not new books; some were new editions. In 1903 there were 7,865 books and pamphlets issued in the United States (a gain of only 32 over the previous year), and, of these, 2,072 were new editions and 5,793 new books. Of course fiction leads, 816; educational books follow with 555; law furnishes 507, and there are 451 "juveniles."

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As most of the books classed as "juveniles" are fiction, we may add them to the first figures, so that in fiction we have 1,267 new books, or nearly one-quarter of the entire output.

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So much for the books that are published; now, what about the many that are written and never get into type? Is it possible to obtain any light on this subject? The Spectator has interviewed a publishing friend who has been good enough to go over his records of book manuscripts, and from these records the following facts are gathered. Of course there are many different classes of publishers. If you have written a work on international law, you do not send it to the American Tract Society; and if you have produced a historical novel (and the Spectator's publishing friend says the chances are you have, judging from the many that come to him), you do not send it to a house which makes a specialty of medical works. But the Spectator's friend is a publisher of miscellaneous books, novels, biographies, and their kin. He has made a count of one thousand manuscripts, and he finds that twenty-five were accepted and nine hundred and seventy-five returned. Of the twenty-five, eleven were from authors who had written before, and fourteen were bolts out of a clear sky. Of the nine hundred and seventy-five returned he knows that at least six were issued by other houses, and perhaps there were many more, for books are often put forth under titles very different from those originally chosen. So the percentage of accepted book manuscripts in that publishing office is two and a half—twenty-five in the thousand, two and a half in the hundred.

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And of the thousand manuscripts what proportion is fiction? The Spectator's friend says he cannot be sure of that from running back over one thousand titles, but he has counted one hundred recent arrivals, in their order, manuscripts that he remembers, and he finds sixty-six novels, twenty-seven serious books, and seven volumes of poetry. Of the particular one hundred hit upon for this count, two of the serious books had been accepted and none of the others. The proportion of fiction to serious books agrees with that mentioned by a recent writer who watched the book-buyers for half an hour in a department store; out of twenty persons purchasing books fourteen chose novels and six took other books.

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So it seems that, judging from this publisher's experience, one manuscript out of forty is born a book. A magazine editor says that his proportion of acceptances is about the same. Ten thousand manuscripts come to him in a year, of which about two-thirds are verse and one-third prose. He accepts between three hundred and four hundred contributions.

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And where do all the manuscripts come from? Does New England keep its old-time intellectual supremacy—if, indeed, a suggestion of supremacy is in order when nine hundred and seventy-five manuscripts out of a thousand are not worth publishing? Perhaps "activity" is the better word. No, New England does not supply an unusual number. Here are the figures by sections of the United States:

North Atlantic States (New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania)	531
South Atlantic States (Delaware to Florida)	110
North Central States (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and all States directly north of them)	194
South Central States (Kentucky around to Texas and Oklahoma)	69
Far Western States (including the Pacific Coast)	68
Foreign countries	28
	1,000

New England sent 94 of the 531 which came from the North Atlantic States, and Boston only 14 out of the 94. The surprise of the computation is the fact that 230 manuscripts came from New York City. The Spectator's friend is a New York publisher; of course a Boston or a Chicago publisher would not have just the same experience. For the purposes of this count manuscripts sub-

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mitted by literary agents were excluded, for most of these agents have their offices in New York, and the author's place of residence would not be noted. The Spectator suggested that perhaps authors came to New York for the purpose of selling their manuscripts. The publisher thought it possible, but not probable in many cases.

❀

Here are figures showing the number sent in from the most important cities:

New York	230
Washington	38
Chicago	36
Brooklyn	35
Philadelphia	16
Boston	14
San Francisco	12
Cincinnati	10
Louisville	9
Cleveland	8
Pittsburg	7

❀

"And what was the matter with the nine hundred and seventy-five returned manuscripts?" asked the Spectator.

"Matter? Everything was the matter with the most of them, and that is the pity of it," said the publisher. "At least nine hundred of them were absolutely worthless. Their writing may not have been an entire waste of time, for some of the 'authors' may have found that when they tried again they could produce a book. It is a queer thing, but in literature most people seem to think that experience counts for very little—that the first attempt is a book, and because one has covered five hundred folio pages with typewritten words, somebody is waiting to turn it over to a compositor. Of course many first books have been great successes, but the proportion is small, for the number of 'first books' is enormous. Of the successes, oftentimes the first book contains all there is in the writer. It is based upon the richest experiences of his own life, and they are all there. The second book determines whether he is a real writer or not."

"Is every manuscript read through?"

"Why, of course not," replied the publisher. "You don't have to drink a glass of milk to the dregs to find out that it is sour. Every manuscript has all the attention it deserves. A few pages will suffice for some, a few chapters and a glance at the rest for others. Many are read through, and not only by one person, but by half a dozen. If a book gets passed along as far as that, the chances of its acceptance are pretty good. No house wants to 'turn down' a manuscript which some other house will bring out successfully. It is said that 'David Harum' was declined by four or five publishers before it came to one who believed in it. 'Mrs. Wiggs' is said to have been turned down by one house before it went to its present publisher. But of these two instances this much should be said: the manuscript of 'David Harum' was in very different shape when it came from the author from that in which it finally appeared; and 'Mrs. Wiggs' was declined only because it seemed too short for a book."

"That reminds me," said the Spectator; "is the successful short-story writer any more apt to write a better novel because he has written short stories?"

"Yes—and no. Experience counts for a great deal, but the short story and the novel are very different things. We all know authors who can make a success of both, yet very few can make an equal success. Kipling is a marvelous teller of short stories, yet one always feels something lacking in his novels. On the other hand, Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to need the broad lines of a novel to produce her great effects.

"But I can tell you this. Publishers are always wanting their authors to write novels and not short stories. There isn't much 'in' collections; there are possibilities in every novel.

"Something of a gamble? Yes, perhaps it is, and that is what makes the business interesting. If one could only be sure that the twenty-five he had picked from the thousand were all winners, publishing would be a certain success, but—"

"Then there are some failures?" queried the Spectator.

"Well, sometimes failures are made by the fellows across the street, or the firm around the block. Of course we don't make them—but I am willing to admit there are varying degrees of success."

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Christmas Carols and Customs

by H. A. Krehbiel

Pictures by
W. Benda

Decorations by
Edward Edwards

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Christmas Carols and Customs

By H. E. Krehbiel

The lewid peple than algates agre,
And caroles singen everi' criste messe tyde,
Not with schamfastenes bot jocondle,
And holey bowghes aboute; and al asydde
The brenning fyre hem eten, and hem drinke,
And laughen mereli, and maken route,
And pype, and dansen, and hem rage; ne swinkep
Ne noe thynge els, twalue daye' thei wolde not.

A FEW years ago a number of church and glee singers—Englishmen, all of them, as one might guess—invited me to be awake at sunrise on a Christmas morning in the city of New York and hear them sing carols before the houses of their friends in the old-fashioned English manner. I did not choose to rise so soon after I had gone to bed, and so missed the only opportunity ever offered me to be a witness of the attempt to introduce an ancient and lovely custom into this modern and unsentimental land of ours. I do not know what became of the experiment, but I never heard of its being repeated; yet now that I am asked to say something to the readers of The Outlook about the songs and social customs associated with the joyous Christmastide, I marvel a bit that the Christmas carol has not been habilitated in the American metropolis. There are many lovers of the things which lie in the province of folk-lore who would greet such a fact with gladness. Observing the steady vanishing of things which ameliorate social conditions, and rejoicing in anything that would preserve old ideals and check that progress which is marked chiefly by the cruel sparks which it strikes out on the iron-bound road called modern civilization, they long to cry out with Wordsworth:

"Hail ancient manners! sure defense,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws."

It seems to me a paradox, and yet it is a truth which I have observed in many phases, that for a survival of the amiable social customs of old one must look neither to urban communities nor to the cities and towns of the West, where they might be supposed to make up for the want of the thousands of diversions which the metropolis offers, but to the metropolis itself. Of all the cities of America, so far as I know, it is only in New York that one may see May-day parties, by the scores and hundreds, on every first of May. Here they come, from East Side and West, all headed for Central Park, where they set up their poles and, save that they are all children, present just such May-day scenes as Chaucer tells us about in "The Romaunt of the Rose." As Mr. Newell says in his charming book on the "Games of American Children," Chaucer "shows us knights and ladies holding each other by the hand in a flowery garden where the May music of mavis and nightingale blends with the 'clere and ful swete caroling' of the lady who sings for the dances." Something like this I can find in New York and let it carry my fancy back centuries before Chaucer, even to the time when the people whom Homer knew did

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Nowell, Nowell

A Fifteenth Century Carol

Moderato.

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the same thing. (Read again the description of the shield of Achilles.) I can likewise go into the streets of an evening and find hundreds of little ones preserving the mediæval ballad and the ancient dithyramb in their pretty song games; but some years ago, when I asked for a choir of children to play some ring games to illustrate a talk on dramatic dances in St. Paul, I was horrified to find that none of the many drafted had ever heard of "Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows." If the great city of the East has a heart at once so young as to love and so old as to remember and cherish the May-day customs of England and the song games of all the world, then it seems as if the caroling and wassailing at Christmastide might come back to us bringing a benison of simple faith and good cheer. London offers an example. There one may still hear the waits and carols on Christmas morning, and, though the custom is in its desuetude there likewise, Hone was yet able to gather together a collection of eighty-nine carols which were still annually printed for public sale less than a hundred years ago.

The commemoration of Christ's birth goes back to the first century of the Christian era, and since the days of Pope Telesphorus (died A.D. 139) the angelic hymn, "Gloria in Excelsis," which has been aptly described as the first Christmas carol, has been a part of the church service. When the performance of carols in the street by singers, who went from house to house giving out their music and receiving pence in return, had its beginning cannot be said; but it is plain that they had become extremely popular in England toward the end of the fifteenth century. The song "Nowell," printed herewith, comes from a manuscript collection dating back to about 1460. The collection is a rare one, because it preserves both words and melodies of its songs, and in this instance gives proof, if proof were needed, that the custom of using music indiscriminately for sacred and secular texts is very old, and did not come in with the Reformation. All the features of the Christmas celebration were full of merriment and jollity until the influence of the Puritans became dominant, and even they, according to the Clown in "A Winter's Tale," would "sing psalms to hornpipes," meaning that they made religious paraphrases of the popular ballads of the day, and retained the original tunes, just as the people did in Germany and France. The carols which ushered in the Christmas morning were all concerned with the nativity. They continued so to be concerned during the day, but when evening came and the wassail bowl began to make its rounds, they turned to themes of conviviality. Thus the compiler of the old MS. of Henry II.'s time tells us that the melody of

> "Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,"
> This is the salutacyon of the Angel Gabriel,"

was also to be used for a convivial song beginning—

> "Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale,
> For (our) blyssid lady sak, bryng us in good ale.
> Bryng us in no befe for ther is many bonys,
> But bryng us in good ale for that goth down at onys,
> And bryng us in good ale."

Drinking and caroling were consorted as long as caroling remained general throughout England. In 1626 Nicholas Breton could still

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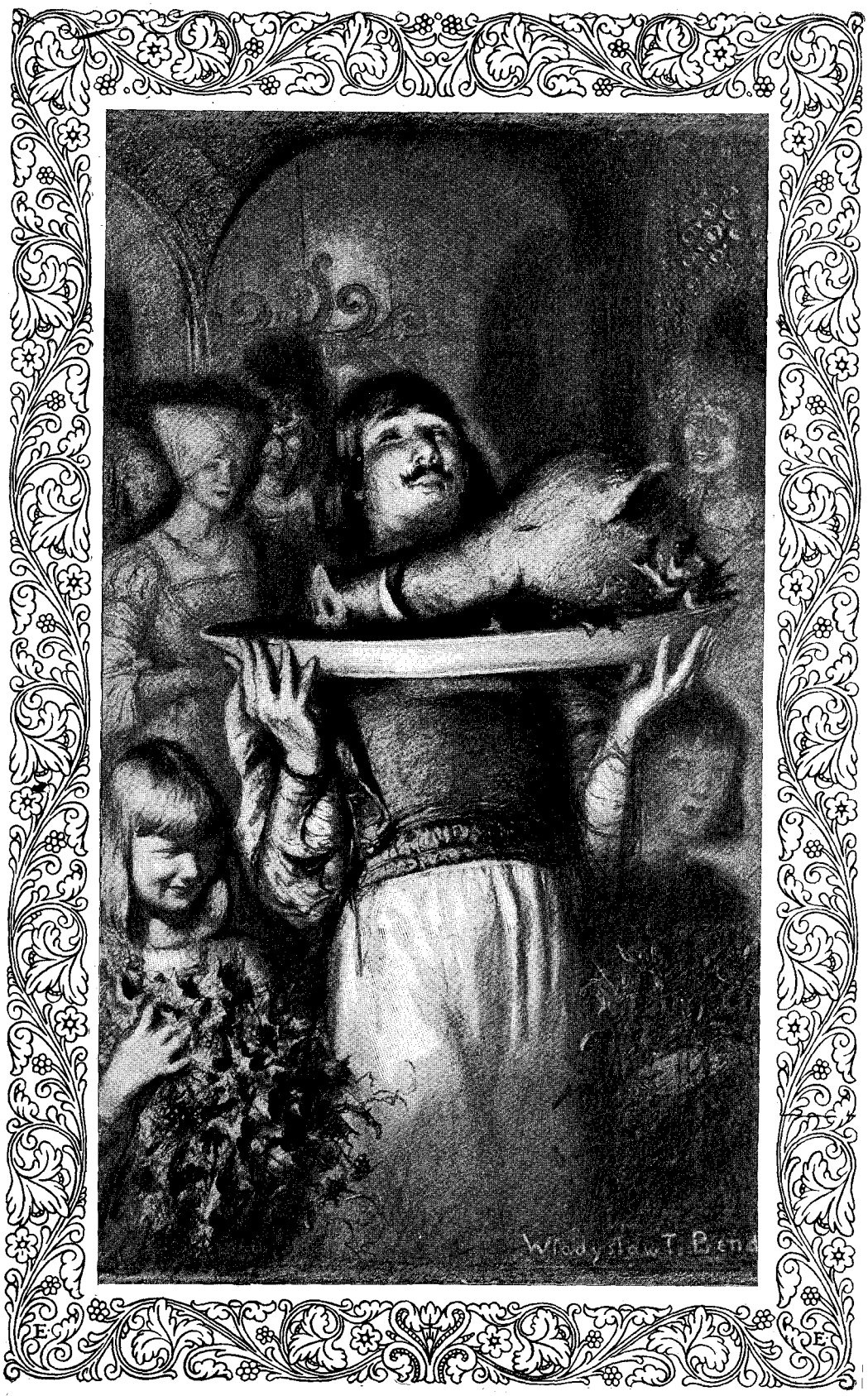

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The Boar's Head Carol

Probably the Oldest Existing Carol

Slow and majestic. Adapted from an arrangement by E. F. RIMBAULT.

2.

The boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land;
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us *Servire cantico.*
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

3.

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In Regimensi atrio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

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write: "It is now Christmas and not a cup of drink must pass without a carol."

Christmas plays and festivities flourished with great magnificence under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and until in 1647 Parliament, moved by Puritan influences, ordained that the Feast of the Nativity should have neither religious nor secular observance. Out of the old mysteries and miracle plays, however, came many of the carols which echoed down the centuries after the mummery of the plays themselves had ceased. The legend which gave rise to the so-called "Cherry Tree Carol," still popular a hundred years ago in London and the other parts of England where carols had survived, made up a part of the Coventry mystery entitled "The Miraculous Birth and the Midwives." In this play the suspicions of Joseph concerning the chastity of the Virgin, a favorite topic of the time drawn from the apocryphal gospels, play a large part. While Joseph and his virgin wife are traveling just before the birth of Christ, she espies a cherry-tree and is seized with a longing for some of its fruit. She asks Joseph to pluck it, but he replies discourteously and with a frank avowal of his suspicion concerning her chastity. In the carol expanding this incident the unborn babe speaks to its mother and bids her reach out her hands for the cherries. She does so, and the tree bows down to her knees so that she may eat her fill. Says Mary in the play:

"Now, I thank it god, yis tre bowyth to me down,
I may now gader'y a nowe, and etyn my ffylle."

Naturally, Joseph is impressed by the miracle. He humbles himself before his wife. In the play:

"Now I know wyll I have offendyd my god i' trinyte
Spekyng to my spowse these unkynde wurdys."

In the carol:

"Then bespoke Joseph,
I have done Mary wrong," etc.

To this quaint bit of apocryphal gospel the poet of the people who threw it into verse appended a second part which is a true Christmas carol, one deeply tender in sentiment and full of beautiful imagery:

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing—
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly king;

'He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall;

'He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all;

'He neither shall be rock'd
In silver, nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
That rocks on the moulde;

'He neither shall be christen'd
In white wine nor in red,

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But with the spring water
With which we were christened.'

Then Mary took her young Son,
And set him on her knee—
'I pray thee now, dear Child,
Tell how this world shall be?'

'This world shall be like
The stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon
Shall bow down at thy feet;

'And upon a Wednesday
My vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday
My death I will take;

'And upon the third day
My uprising shall be,
And the sun and the moon
Shall rise up with me.'"

The lullabies to the Divine Child may also be traced back to the mediæval mysteries and nativities. In one of the Coventry plays occurs what is plainly a cradle song to the Infant Jesus, which has been preserved in music as well as text down to to-day. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" preserves a relic of antiquity in the ineffably sweet solo for contralto, "Slumber, Beloved," while in Calvisius's "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," we have an artistic setting of a famous German Christmas hymn which is certainly five hundred years old. The canticle recalls an ancient bit of ecclesiastical mummery which survived in Protestant Leipsic until into the eighteenth century, and then yielded but unwillingly to petition and protest. To-day there remains all the Catholic world over a relic of the nativities in the wax tableaux exhibited in the churches on Christmas Day. Five hundred years ago the mere picture did not suffice the faithful; the scene had to be enacted. The little play was called "The Cradling of the Child" (*Kindleinwiegen*). Standing on a platform above the manger, boys, representing angels, proclaimed the birth of the Saviour. Priests took the parts of shepherds, and gathered around the manger. The hymn was one of several, the rest being Latin, with which the dramatic scene was enlivened. At the manger stood Joseph, Mary, and the servant of Joseph. After the choir had sung some hymns, among them "Christus natus hodie," Mary sang the first verse of the German song, "Joseph, dear Joseph mine, help me rock my Babe, that God may reward me in heaven—the Babe of the Virgin Mary." Joseph answered with the second verse of the song: "Gladly, my dear nurse, will I help thee rock thy Babe, that God may reward me in heaven, etc." *Servus Joseph* sang, "Rejoice, Christian multitude! The King of Heaven, who was born of the Virgin Mary, hath taken on mortality." And so it went on.

That the Christmas festival is but a reincarnation of the ancient Yuletide festival is familiar knowledge; but it drew into itself customs from other pagan festivals as well. There were the remains of tree worship and sacrifice to Pomona in Cornwall as late as one hundred and fifty years ago. Perhaps there is to-day, far beyond the

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borders of Cornwall, in the pretty custom of decorating fir-trees; in Cornwall, however, the peasants used to go into the orchards on Christmas Day with pailfuls of cider and roasted apples. The health of the apple-trees was enthusiastically drunk to song, and all heeltaps were poured out as libations upon the trees.

Here was Paganism of vast antiquity. So there was, and is, in the boar's head function at convivial Christmas feasts. The ceremony has always been performed with great pomp and the utmost seriousness. In 1711 King Henry II. of England did not scruple himself to follow the trumpeters into the banquet-room, himself bearing the boar's head, at a feast arranged in honor of his son when he was crowned as heir apparent. The ceremony is still the most characteristic feature of life at Queen's College, Oxford, where it has been practiced ever since the foundation of the College in 1340. At the proper time a large boar's head, crowned and wreathed with laurel, bay, mistletoe, and rosemary, is carried into the hall, trumpeters announcing its arrival. At the head of the procession of Fellows is the Provost, and with the three bearers is the Precentor, who chants the famous macaronic carol, "The boar's head in hand bear I," the Latin refrain of which is sung by the entire company. Good, stiff, stirring music it is, too. To this meeting spectators are admitted, and to them, at its conclusion, are presented the ornaments which had decked the boar's head. The version of the carol sung at Queen's College is a modernized form of that which was used at the beginning and which is to be found in "Christmasse Carols, newly emprynted at London in ye flete strete at ye syne of ye Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde." The date is A.D. 1522:

A CAROLE, BRYNGING IN YE BORE'S HEED

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The bore's heed in hand brynge I,
With garlans gay and rosemary;
And I pray you all sing merely,
Quis estis in convivio.

The bore's heed, I understande,
Is the chefe service in this lande;
Loke wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lordes, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's heed with mustarde.

There are quainter and perhaps older versions of the carol in the MS. collections of Balliol and Porkington. Fond sons of Queen's have labored long and zealously to prove this to be a celebration of the delivery of a *taberdar* from the College, who, while reading his Aristotle in Shotover Forest, was set upon by a wild boar. Having no other weapon, he thrust his tome down the capacious throat of the wild beast, exclaiming, "*Græcum est!*" The boar died! "Undoubtedly the custom takes its rise from the ancient Babylonish sun festival, during which a wild boar was sacrified to Adonis, or Tammuz, the sun-god, because Adonis (also known as Nimrod) was said to have been killed by the tusk of a boar."

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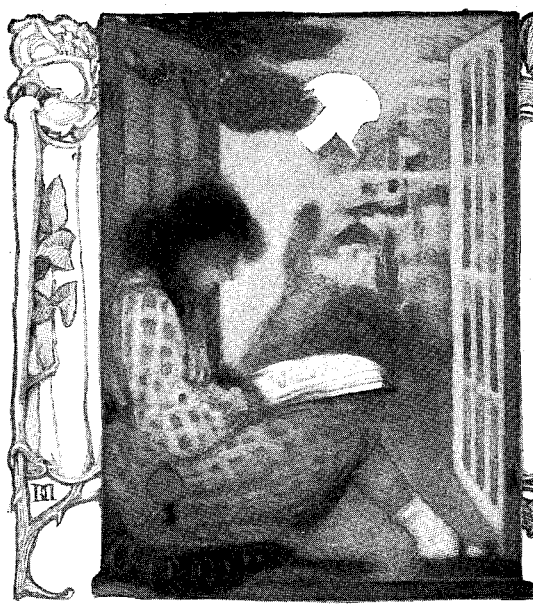

WHAT CHILDREN LIKE TO READ

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

A LITTLE girl who is one of my friends was sitting near me one evening last June, listening with lively interest to a discussion in which a "grown-up" friend and I were pleasantly, if not very profitably, engaged. The discussion had sprung from a sentence we had found in the "Books and Reading" department of a copy of the little girl's "St. Nicholas," which read: "It is often interesting to make a list of the few best books, say a dozen, that you would choose if you were going to a desert island for the rest of your life, and could never have others." We had narrowed the suggestion down to the question: "With what *one* book would you choose to be left alone on a desert island, for one summer?" We had agreed that the one book should be Shakespeare's; and we were vibrating, somewhat idly, somewhat gayly, between "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when the little girl, lifting serious eyes to us, spoke:

"If *I* were you," she said, solemnly, "I wouldn't take just one of the little red Shakespeare books; I'd take the *big* Shakespeare book that's got everything in it that's in *all* the little red books!"

We thanked her for her happy thought, and decided then and there in favor of the "big Shakespeare book;" but when, the vexed problem being solved, we would have wandered to the discussion of another subject, the little girl detained us. "I don't know what *I* could do about it, if I had to be left alone on a desert island with one book," she said, pensively.

"You would take one of your fairy books, I suppose?" I ventured, for I knew the little girl's tastes.

"That's the trouble," returned my small friend. "*They* don't all come in one big book; and I *never* could decide which to choose—the 'Pink,' or the 'Blue,' or 'Grimm's,' or 'Arabian Nights,' or 'Gulliver's Travels,' or—any of them!"

"Well," said my other friend, "you would simply have to choose your favorite, and take that."

"But I can't," replied the little girl. "I'm not like you; I haven't any favorite books, I only have favorite kinds of books. I mean," she explained, forestalling our questions, "I don't like any *one* special fairy book; I only like all fairy books, *specially!*"

These discriminating words of the little girl have come into my thoughts very frequently during the past few weeks, as I have read and re-read the pleasant letters received by me in reply to letters, both personal and impersonal, sent to relatives and friends of children in many sections of America; letters asking, in effect, "What books are the 'favorite

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books' of the children whom you know best?" Scarcely one of these relatives and friends has named "any one special book" which a particular child liked; very nearly all of them have mentioned certain kinds of books which certain children liked "specially!" One mother wrote that her little daughter of seven and a half years had a "decided preference for stories about animals, 'The Wonderful Wizard of Oz,' Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's tales, and 'Alice in Wonderland' being among her prime favorites." That mother's letter about her little daughter's taste in regard to books was so charming that I read it to an older little girl I know who chanced to be with me when it arrived. "I wonder if she likes 'Black Beauty,'" commented this other little girl; "and 'Denise and Ned Toodles,' and 'Just So Stories.' Her mother doesn't say; but of course she *does*. They are animal stories, and animal stories are what she likes!"

Another correspondent sent a list of "favorite books" made out by a small girl of twelve years, who, judging from the titles of those books, likes stories of adventure "specially." That list covered three pages of large-sized note-paper; it named forty-two books; they ranged from "Ivanhoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson" to "Treasure Island" and "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." But when the little girl who made out the list was urged to say which of the forty-two stories she liked best, she replied, with wise largeness of love, "*All* of them!"

Another small girl sent, inclosed in a letter from her grandmother, a list of ten books, the greater number of them being stories about dogs. Ten "favorite books" seemed few indeed after the other little book-lover's forty-two; as if realizing this, the small girl supplemented her list with this remark: "I could name many more, but I think this will be enough."

Still another little girl, when asked to name the three books (beside the Bible) that she liked best, wrote in reply: "It is hard for me to name just three books when I love so many." And her brother, by way of preamble to his answer to the same question, wrote: "I like stories about war and animals."

Both he and his sister, however, made lists of three books each, as they had been requested. Like other children who care for books and reading, they were easily able to mention three "favorite books;" like other such children, their difficulty lay in refraining from mentioning threescore—or more. Most of the lists sent to me, or given to me, were lengthy; the makers of those lists liked certain kinds of books so *very* "specially" that they could not, it seemed, welcome too many of them, or, having welcomed them, bid any of them farewell. But, though these small readers loved many books, those books were in most instances of one kind, or of two kinds, or, at the extreme, of three kinds. A number of my youthful correspondents liked stories of adventure; quite as many preferred stories about animals; and no fewer liked books of fairy tales better than any other books.

They tried to give reasons for their preferences. One boy said that he was interested in books about animals because he was interested in animals. A little girl explained that she liked "The Talisman" because she liked Richard Cœur de Lion; and another little girl said that she loved "The Birds' Christmas Carol" because she loved "the kind of person Carol was—so good to other people, and so patient, and so pretty."

The more I meditated upon the lists of "favorite books" with which my correspondents, or their young friends and relatives, obligingly supplied me, the more I mused over the reasons the child readers gave for their predilections, the more clearly I saw that these children liked books because they had first liked people and things; that they preferred certain kinds of books because they had first preferred the certain kinds of people and things set forth in those books. The small girl who liked "The Talisman" wrote that she also liked "Ivanhoe," and "Peveril of the Peak," and "Days of Bruce." No doubt that little girl likes Richard Cœur de Lion; but is it not, perhaps, the glamour of chivalric romance that she likes more "specially"?

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A tender-hearted little girl whom I know invariably adds to her list of "favorite books" any story of grim, silently enduring courage. The tale of the Spartan boy and the fox appealed to her very strongly. "He let the fox eat right into him," she said, in an awed voice, as she closed the book in which she had happened to find and to read this story. "It must have hurt dreadfully; but he didn't cry or let any one know. I like that story—I like that boy."

Somewhat later she read, in a volume of stories founded upon "Le Morte d'Arthur," the tale of Morgan le Fay. "I wish that story wasn't in the book," she said. "I don't like Morgan le Fay. I think she was a wicked, cruel queen."

Later still, the little girl began to read Malory. One day, as she turned the pages of Book IV. of "Le Morte d'Arthur," she came upon these words: "But when queen Morgan wist that Accolon was dead she was so sorrowful that near her heart to burst. But because she would not it were known, outward she kept her countenance, and made no semblance of sorrow."

The little girl told me about it, her eyes dim with self-reproach. "Just think," she exclaimed; "she was so brave! And I've never liked her! I didn't know. But I like her *now*. I'm glad now she's in my book of Round Table Stories."

Some one suggested to me that it was the mere ability to keep a secret that the little girl admired in the Spartan boy and in "queen Morgan." That this was not the case her indifference to Viola in "Twelfth Night" revealed.

"I'm surprised that you do not like Viola," I said, when the small girl turned in distaste from the play. "You usually like people in stories who are brave enough not to tell things."

"But," expostulated my little friend, "it wasn't 'cause she was too brave to, that Viola didn't tell the Duke she liked him; it was 'cause she was too *'fraid* to! Viola was an *awf'ly* scary girl!"

A boy who talks to me sometimes about the books he particularly enjoys, very nearly all of which are tales of adventure, unwittingly revealed to me his decided preference for heroes and heroines who do rather spectacular deeds of fearless daring. He likes Horatius, because he likes the way Horatius kept the bridge. He glories in Julius Cæsar, because—

> "Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
> When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
> And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
> There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
> Put himself straight at the head of his troops."

He loves Joan of Arc, because she led the armies of France; and on account of that "snow-white plume upon his gallant crest," Henry of Navarre is greater in that boy's eyes than Napoleon.

But it is never mere bravado that he admires. Those knights of the Round Table who fought solely for the sake of proving their valor hold no interest for him; and he openly scorns that personage who leaped into the lions' den for the purpose of rescuing the glove of his somewhat emotionally strenuous lady.

"He did it, not so much to get the glove, but to teach the lady how foolish she was," I urged in defense of that so intensely pedagogical knight.

"There was no sense in his being sillier than she was, just because he wanted to show her that she was silly. Anyway, it wasn't worth the danger of getting eaten up by lions," replied the boy, irrevocably. "Now, if *she* had fallen down there into the den, and he'd jumped down after her, to take her out—that would have been splendid; there would have been some *use* in it!"

That the boy would consider the hero of the poem in question "splendid" under the circumstances he cited I do not doubt. It seems to me, however, that his admiration would be aroused, not alone because the knight's rescuing of his lady would be more useful than his rescuing of her glove, but also because it would be more dramatic. Children are so essentially and innately dramatic. Whatever else the books they like may or may not be, they are invariably dramatic; without exception, they are books with well-constructed plots, with vivid characterizations, with strong motives, or with large impulses.

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They are books of heroic mold. The animal stories preferred by children are stories in which animals are made to talk and to act like human beings; the tales of adventure they love are chronicles of feats of superhuman prowess, performed by men and women of gigantic proportions. The most incredible fairy stories, as we all know, are the fairy stories to which children listen most eagerly. Even when, as it is sometimes claimed for them, they prefer stories that are "true to life," these small readers always choose such "true" stories as may be said to be almost too good to *be* true.

They like all books about animals, "specially," they tell us; but upon closer acquaintance we find that Mr. Kipling's animals linger in their minds longer than do those of Mr. John Burroughs. They love all the adventurers of song and story and history, they declare; but we presently discover that Ulysses is dearer to them than Columbus. My little friend who thinks she regards all her fairy books with equal affection reads Mr. Andrew Lang's rainbow of volumes more often than she peruses Mr. Jacobs's less elfin collection of "English Fairy Tales;" and of all Andersen's "Märchen" she cares only for "The Marsh King's Daughter."

Another small girl whom I know likes stories "about sorrowful ladies who die for love." This might alarm that little girl's family were it not for the fact that in making a choice between such heroines she always chooses the ladies who die with a distinctly histrionic effectiveness. Juliet, for instance, she loves; but the infinitely more pathetic Ophelia appeals to her not at all. The woe and the death of the Maid of Astolat awakened in her no responsive sympathy; but over the story of Colombe, the lady-love of "Lanceor the king's son of Ireland," who, finding her lord "slain by the hands of Balin," brother of Balan, "slew herself with her love's sword for dole and sorrow," the little girl lingered with pitying interest.

"I don't like them if they just *die*," she explained to me soberly; "but I *love* them when they slay themselves with daggers and swords!"

It may be for the reason that they read all books so dramatically that children remember the persons in a particular book longer and more definitely than they remember the trend of its narrative. A little boy, speaking to me concerning "The First Jungle Book," said: "I forget some of the things Mowgli does, but I don't forget Mowgli."

Another boy was talking to me one day about "Marmion," which he had been reading. "It's all fine," he said, enthusiastically, "specially when Douglas wouldn't shake hands with Marmion, because he didn't believe in men like Marmion. Do you remember it?

'But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arm, and thus he spoke.'"

"Go on," I urged.

"I can't," replied the boy; "I don't remember exactly what he said—it was something about his hand being his own to do what he pleased with, even if his house wasn't. I don't remember the words. But I can see Douglas standing there with his arms folded, just as calm as anything. And I can see Marmion, too, with his cheek burning like fire, and his frame shaking for ire. *They* are what matter, not what they said."

This boy assured me that it made no difference to him whether the stories he liked were written in prose or in verse. He was interested, not in manner, but in matter. However, most of the children I know, and most of those concerning whose tastes in literature I have recently been receiving so many letters, are unlike that boy in that they have very decided opinions on the subject of literary form.

One little girl said that she liked "plain poetry;" but that she did not enjoy stories told in poetry, because the "singing sound of the verses" made it hard for her "to keep her mind on what was happening." Her favorite poems were poems containing not the slightest suggestion of narrative, such as Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Mr. Wordsworth's "Daffodils," and the song in "The Princess" beginning:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea."

Unquestionably, that little girl likes poetry entirely for its "singing sound."

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A boy friend of mine told me once that he liked poetry because of the rhymes at the ends of the lines. That this was no idle explanation I discovered one day by chance. The boy, hearing me say of a player that she had once acted the part of Virginia, inquired, "Who was Virginia?" By way of reply I lent him James Sheridan Knowles's drama and Macaulay's poem. He soon returned the play, but the book containing the poem he asked if he might keep a little longer.

"Haven't you read it yet?" I questioned, not without surprise and curiosity.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the boy; "but I want to learn it."

"Don't you want to learn the play, too?" I asked.

"No," replied my boy friend, taking my question in all seriousness. "I didn't like it that much. But the poem—I like the poem *twice* that much!"

Occasionally a child hears in the sound of poetry somewhat more than the mere melody of its meter and its rhyme. The little daughter of one of my friends is very fond of memorizing verses. Sometimes when, coming to see me, she finds me alone and at leisure, she offers to "say poetry" to me. One afternoon recently she came. She stood at the wndow for a time, looking silently out at the leaves whirling and rustling in the wind and at the trees dark against the glowing sunset sky. "Shall I say some poetry?" she asked, as I went over and stood beside her.

"Please do," I answered. And, as I might have expected, she repeated "The Death of the Flowers." But, until she reached the last stanza, she repeated it with more care for the words than for their significance. With the last stanza, however, her voice changed slightly. "I love this part," she interrupted herself to say, before continuing:

"And then I think on one who in her youthful beauty died.
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast its leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

"Why do you like that part?" I questioned. "It is so sad."

The little girl gazed at me in gentle amazement. "Do you think it's sad?" she exclaimed, softly. I think it's comforting."

"Comforting?" I presently asked, with some hesitation.

"Why, yes," said my little friend; "I think so. It makes me feel that *she*—the little girl in the poem, you know—wasn't hurt by dying any more than the flowers are. You know, they'll all come alive again in the spring."

An interested listener to whom I told this incident was inclined to wonder if that little girl's reading of the Bible had not, perhaps, led her to find in "The Death of the Flowers" the comfort of which she spoke with such tender earnestness.

Such may, indeed, have been the case. That little girl, in common with the majority of the children in our country, is familiar with Bible stories. But to her, as, happily, to most little children, the Bible is a book apart from other books; a book to be kept in "a separate place," to be read during "a quiet hour," and "to be talked about, mostly, on Sundays."

One of my friends, with whom in my childhood I used to "play at books that I had read," asked me recently if I had observed in children of the present day the tendency, which had been so strong in us, to "act out" certain "favorite books."

"Just think of the characters we used to assume," he explained; "and not once, at that, but for whole months at a time! And think, too, of the things we used to want, because we'd read about them in books! Do children, now?"

This question remained so persistently in my mind that one evening, only last week, when one of my friends, describing the pet dog of a small girl he knew, mentioned that the dog's name was Loveliness, I quite startled him by demanding "*Why?*" with involuntary emphasis.

"I am not quite certain why," he replied; "but you can readily find out by

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writing to a member of the household and inquiring."

I immediately wrote to a member of the household and inquired. By return mail I received a note which said, in part: "Loveliness is a dear little Yorkshire puppy. His little mistress had been reading 'Loveliness,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; and when asked what she wanted for her birthday, she said, 'Either a St. Bernard, or a dog like the dog of the story'—over which she had been weeping. She got him—Loveliness—on her twelfth birthday."

All present-day children may not "act out" their "favorite books," but a few do. Yesterday, as I was walking through a familiar bit of woodland, I met a small girl and a big dog who live not far away. "The wood is lovely to-day, isn't it?" I said.

"This is a *forest*," replied the little girl, dreamily. "I'm Una, and there's the lion."

The careless ease with which a child will follow to its end the thread of even the most labyrinthian story has often astonished me. A small girl, who is a particular friend of mine, was reading Mrs. Burnett's tale "Sara Crewe" to me one day.

"Who was Marie Antoinette?" she inquired, as she finished that chapter of the book in which Sara tells stories of the history of France to the kind, if not very clever, Ermengarde St. John.

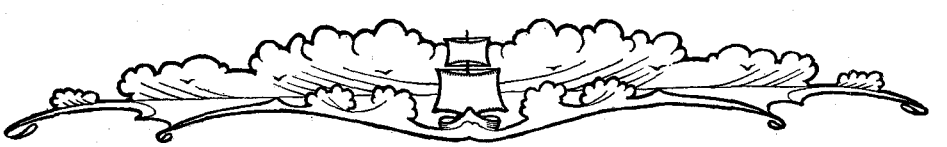
I found another book and read to her a few pages about the poor hapless queen, and the epoch to which she belonged.

"Well, *well!*" exclaimed the little girl, as I closed the book; "it certainly was as much as your life was worth to live in France at the time of the French Revolution, wasn't it?—especially if you happened to be a member of the royal family!"

A child is capable of a large enthusiasm for the work of one author, too. Another little girl I know very well loves Charles Dickens quite as devotedly as some of the members of our Browning Societies love Robert Browning. Her affection for the books of Dickens leads her occasionally to keep one of those books out of the public library of the small town in which she lives "longer than the time allowed by the trustees."

"But the librarian wouldn't accept the payment of a fine from her," the little enthusiast's mother told me, "because, as she is the only person in the town who takes Dickens's works from the library, no one is inconvenienced if she keeps them over time."

In reflecting upon the books, or kinds of books, which are especially enjoyed by children I know, and by children about whom I have heard, it has seemed to me that they were, in the great majority of cases, such books or kinds of books as "grown-up" people also particularly favor. It appeared to me, too, that their reasons for their choices were reasons with which most of us may be sympathetic. Are not our most cherished books like the "favorite books" of the children around us, in that they have, in default of, or in addition to, any other quality, a strength a little more than human, a beauty a little more than earthly? As we choose our "favorite books," so do children choose their "favorite books," for that within them which is as "the glory and the freshness of a dream."



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FAVORITE BOOKS OF MY CHILDHOOD

BY

HENRY VAN DYKE

ALICE HEGAN RICE

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

BOOKS THAT I LOVED AS A BOY

By Henry van Dyke

IT is not easy for a man to decide which among his boyish loves were really the strongest and most ardent. Maturity colors and shapes memory. It is a common vanity to imagine that whatever clearness of vision and fineness of taste one has acquired by long training in the school of life was rather a native endowment bestowed upon an extraordinary child. In describing their early affections, whether for books or for people, men and women have a weakness for proving their own constancy and consistency. They are far more likely to tell you what they know they ought to have loved than to confess what they really did love.

But I want to be as honest as human nature will allow in this literary reminiscence of an unliterary boyhood; and so I will acknowledge frankly that there never was a day when I would not rather go a-fishing than read the best book in the world, and that it was a greater pleasure to me to climb a mountain or to paddle a canoe than to spend hours in a library. I would have liked also to hunt grizzly bears and to fight Indians; but this was a purely ideal passion—Platonic in its detachment from the facts of life—an aspiration rather than an actual experience.

These early preferences were limited in operation by the circumstance that during nine months of every year fortune fixed my dwelling in Brooklyn, where there were neither mountains to climb nor rivers to navigate. This "winter of our discontent" was somewhat cheered by games of football and baseball in the vacant lots on the Heights above Wall Street Ferry, and by fierce combats, both single and in companies, with the tribe of "Micks" who inhabited the regions of Furman Street and Atlantic Avenue. There was also a school which claimed some hours of attention on five days of the week. On holidays my father would take me on the most delightful fishing excursions to the then unpolluted waters of Coney Island Creek and Sheepshead Bay; and on Monday afternoons in midwinter it was a regular thing that I should go with him to New

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York to ramble among the old bookshops in Nassau Street and eat oysters at Fulton Market.

But there was still a good deal of unoccupied time on my hands between the middle of September and the middle of June; and having learned to read at about five years of age, I was willing enough to give myself up to books and find out what they had to say about various things which interested me. I did not go to school until my tenth year, and so there was quite a long period left free for general reading, beginning with the delightful old-fashioned books of fairy tales without a moral, and closing with "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," and Plutarch's "Lives of Illustrious Men." In the last two books I took a real and vivid interest, though I now suspect that it was strictly limited in range. They seemed to open a new world to me, the world of the past, in which I could see men moving about and doing the most remarkable things. Both of them appeared to me equally historical; I neither doubted the truth of their narratives nor attended to the philosophical reflections with which they were padded. The meaning of the long words I guessed at.

My taste at this time was most indiscriminate. I could find some kind of enjoyment in almost anything that called itself a book—even a Sunday-school story, or a child's history of the world—provided only it gave something concrete for imagination to work upon. The mere process of reading, with the play of fancy that it quickened, became an agreeable pastime. I got a great deal of pleasure, and possibly some good, out of Bunyan's "Holy War" (which I perversely preferred to "The Pilgrim's Progress") and Livingstone's "Missionary Journals and Researches," and a book about the Scotch Covenanters. These volumes shortened many a Sunday. I also liked parts of "The Complete Angler," but the best parts I skipped.

With the coming of school days the time for reading was reduced, and it became necessary to make a choice among books. The natural instincts of youth asserted themselves, and I became a devotee of Captain Mayne Reid and R. M. Ballantyne, whose simple narratives of wild adventure offered a refuge from the monotony of academic life. It gave me no concern that the names of these authors were not included in the encyclopædias of literature nor commented upon in the critical reviews. I had no use for the encyclopædias or reviews; but "The Young Voyageurs," "The White Chief," "Osceola the Seminole," "The Bush Boys," "The Coral Island," "Red Eric," "Ungava," and "The Gorilla Hunters" gave me unaffected delight.

After about two years of this innocent dissipation I began to feel the desire for a better life, and turned, by my father's advice, to Sir Walter Scott. "Ivanhoe" and "The Pirate" pleased me immensely; "Waverley" and "The Heart of Midlothian" I accepted with qualifications; but the two of Scott's novels that gave me the most pleasure, I regret to state, were "Quentin Durward" and "Count Robert of Paris." Then Dickens claimed me, and I yielded to the spell of "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," and "Pickwick Papers."

By this time it had begun to dawn upon me that there was a difference among books, not only in regard to the things told, but also in regard to the way of the telling. Unconsciously I became sensitive to the magic of style, and, wandering freely through the library, was drawn to the writers whose manner and accent had a charm for me. Emerson and Carlyle I liked no better than I liked caviar; but Lamb's Essays and Irving's Sketches were fascinating. For histories of literature, thank Heaven, I never had any appetite. I preferred real books to books about books. My only idea of literature was a vivid reflection of life in the world of fancy or in the world of fact.

In poetry, Milton's "Comus" was about the first thing that took hold of me; I cannot tell why—perhaps it was because I liked my father's reading of it. But even he could not persuade me to anything more than a dim respect for "Paradise Lost." Some of Shakespeare's plays entranced me; particularly "The Tempest," "Romeo and Juliet," and "As You Like It;" but there were

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others which made no real impression upon my wayward mind. Dryden and Pope and Cowper I tried in vain to appreciate; the best that I could attain to was a respectful admiration. "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Ancient Mariner," on the contrary, were read without an effort and with sincere joy. The first book of poetry that I bought for myself was Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," and I never regretted the purchase, for it led me on, somehow or other, into the poetic studies and the real friendship with books which enabled me to go through college without serious damage.

I cannot remember just when I first read "Henry Esmond;" perhaps it was about the beginning of sophomore year. But, at all events, it was then that I ceased to love books as a boy and began to love them as a man.

FRIENDS OF MY GIRLHOOD

By Alice Hegan Rice

STRANGELY enough, the first stories I can remember were those of George Macdonald. Not that I read them, for it was before I learned to read. My aunt, who was very fond of the ethical old Scotchman, used to put me to sleep at night with the adventures of "Wee Sir Gibbie" and "Donald Grant." I have never read the books, preferring rather to let the quaint old characters remain in that drowsy land of enchantment which none of us grow too old to forget. But the plots and the incidents were of absorbing interest.

The first book that I discovered for myself was "Castle Blair." I decided at once that it was the best book that was ever written. Viewed from the point of eight years, feminine gender, I am not sure but that I was right.

None of the friends of my childhood are more real to me than the boys and girls in that book. I knew them and loved them and played with them through every page.

Soon after this I fell in love with Miss Alcott, and was so ardent in my devotion that no other books existed for me until I had read and re-read every volume she had written.

When I did deflect, it was for a worthy object—Mrs. Dodge's beautiful stories "Hans Brinker" and "Donald and Dorothy." It was through the latter that I became acquainted with the enormity of the serial. Just when the highest pitch of excitement had been reached, I was confronted with those hateful words "to be continued." The thought of having to wait a whole month to find out whether Dorothy was really Donald's sister or not reduced me to tears!

One of my prime favorites was "The Prince and the Pauper," that fascinating tale of confused identity which seems so real in the reading and so improbable in the remembering.

There was one period when I became deeply interested in my brother's books, and shared his enthusiasm for "The Lion-Hunters," "Jungle, Peak, and Plain," "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." This might have continued indefinitely had I not been discovered lost in the pages of "Picayune Pete, or Nicodemus the Dog Detective."

"Faith Gartney's Girlhood" and "Other Girls," with all their moralizing, were dearly beloved, but the "Elsie" books were scorned from start to finish.

I remember wading through "Dombey and Son," but without enjoyment; and "Ivanhoe" seems, in retrospect, the longest book I ever read.

"Alice in Wonderland" and "The Water-Babies" were much more to my liking.

The illustrations of Thackeray tempted me to try to find out what they told about, but the text puzzled me sorely. It seemed absolute disloyalty, and even heresy, for an author to make fun of his own hero and heroine!

It was at the dressmaker's that I slipped over the border that divides

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children's books from novel-land. While waiting for my mother to be fitted, I chanced upon a serial running through a fashion journal. The heroine was named "Aimee," and she was cruelly misjudged, and had violet eyes and a lover. After that the children's books failed to satisfy, and unless somebody fell in love with somebody the story was not worth while.

Fortunately, "John Halifax, Gentleman," "One Summer," and "Louisiana" took the place of the ill-fated "Aimee;" but to this day I have a tender spot in my heart for my first love with the violet eyes.

A CHILD'S MORNING LESSONS

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THE hospitable editor of The Outlook, in asking the present writer to send him the titles of some of the books which interested him earliest in childhood and whence their interest came, little knows how tender a chord he strikes. How can it be otherwise, when the first little book which ever interested me bears my own name, not as that of the author, but as the subject; its very title, indeed, being "Little Wentworth's Morning Lessons," and it having been written by my mother when I was probably about five years old. Often have I searched Sunday-school catalogues in vain to discover it; more than once have I offered money for the purchase of a copy, if discovered; but seventy-five years have passed and I have outgrown the hope of seeing it again.

The book among my actual possessions which takes me back with most eager delight is one called the "Flowers of Fable," published in London in 1832, when I was nine years old. Its title-page alone seems like a volume, including a list of sixteen authors, these being only a portion of those from whom these flowers were plucked, ranging from the Greek Epictetus down to the otherwise unknown "Tapner," and embellished—O rare delight!—with a hundred and fifty engravings on wood. The engravings alone were an absorbing study, and the mere costumes of the heroes and heroines are now most instructive. The very garments of the children recall the contemporary fashions of my boyhood; since Cambridge, my home, followed even then the fashions of its English namesake. The boys wear very short tight jackets, with small abbreviated tails, as if of incipient dress-coats; they also wear round caps with picturesque little tassels hanging at their edges, just such as the older boys in the school I had just entered, James Lowell and William Story, excited my envy by wearing. On some pages conceited boys are looking in mirrors, with admiration, at these very garments. On others sinful boys are fighting, and clergymen in wigs are coming up, cane in hand, to chastise them; and elsewhere enters a schoolmaster with look so masterful as to bring back to me at every glance my own English-American teacher, William Wells, whipping a poor urchin furiously with his birch, while frightened boys look on as we did when our worst offender was being flogged.

A year or two farther I am on firmer ground as to the record of boyish reading, having pretty thorough lists of all books read by me from the age of eleven to that of nineteen, usually including a dozen books a month or thereabouts, large or small, and written out with the greatest care. I learn from these that before I was twelve I had read Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and had enjoyed it, and that Boswell's "Johnson" I was beginning with similar results. I attribute to the early enjoyment of those two books the preference I have always indulged for a literary career. Apparently the line was drawn in one case at Southey's "Doctor," of which there stands recorded, "It is a queer book and a sort of novel, I believe." A definite memorandum is made during my eleventh year: "Read 'Philip Van Artevelde' a third time."

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In this book of Sir Henry Taylor's it may be said that I daily made substantial use of the real hero's name. Walking at that time to a distant school and back, more than four miles in all, I generally ennobled my own small experiences by weaving them into a story, and this hero was for a long time known to me as "D'Arlon." Sir Henry Taylor's hero knight has no record, I think, of performing so many curious and boyish feats in the original's hands as he did when transferred to mine. It was quite time to shift my themes, and the most important era in all this miscellaneous reading was the entry under February 27, 1835, of the first volume of the "Pickwick Papers." D'Arlon yielded to Sam Weller from that time forward.

What interests me most in looking back over this whole period, three-quarters of a century, is that I then first discovered the charm which may lie in a single prose sentence. It was a passage by that gifted and accomplished woman, Mrs. Sarah Austin, written at the time of the marriage of her friend Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble. It was published seventy years ago, and I have not seen it since, and cannot now find the book, but my version of it goes in memory as follows: "Another land will be her future home, and by another name will fame speak of her who was known to us as Fanny Kemble; and she who with no steady hand pays this last tribute to the virtues she loved bids to that name farewell." I had never seen Mrs. Kemble, and had never been to the theater, but the passage is worth preserving to show how a stray sentence with only a little faint cadence in it may fix itself for life in the memory of a somewhat romantic boy, and tempt him on with the desire to weave cadences of his own.

Night

By Louis V. Ledoux

"... The silence sank
Like music on my heart."

Alone with God and thee; a moonless night
And silver silent stars;
Alone with thee and God; a gleam of white
Ere waking day unbars
Her dusky Eastern lattice; clear on high
A sapphire planet gems the purple sky.

Alone, alone with thee; a world asleep;
A rhapsody of peace;
A soundless solitude of calm; a deep
Oblivion where cease
All transient things, and buried meanings come
In cosmic undertones through daylight dumb.

Alone with God and thee while Church and State,
And social aims, and strife,
And usual cares grow dim, with soul elate
I pass from seeming life
To life indeed; and softly—sweet and clear,
A thrush, half-dreaming, murmurs: "Dawn is near."

While day's exhausted clamor gently sleeps,
With watching worlds above;
Unfathomed beauty here her vigil keeps:—
Alone with God and love
We face immortal calm, serene repose,
Ere gradual dawn tumultuous day disclose.

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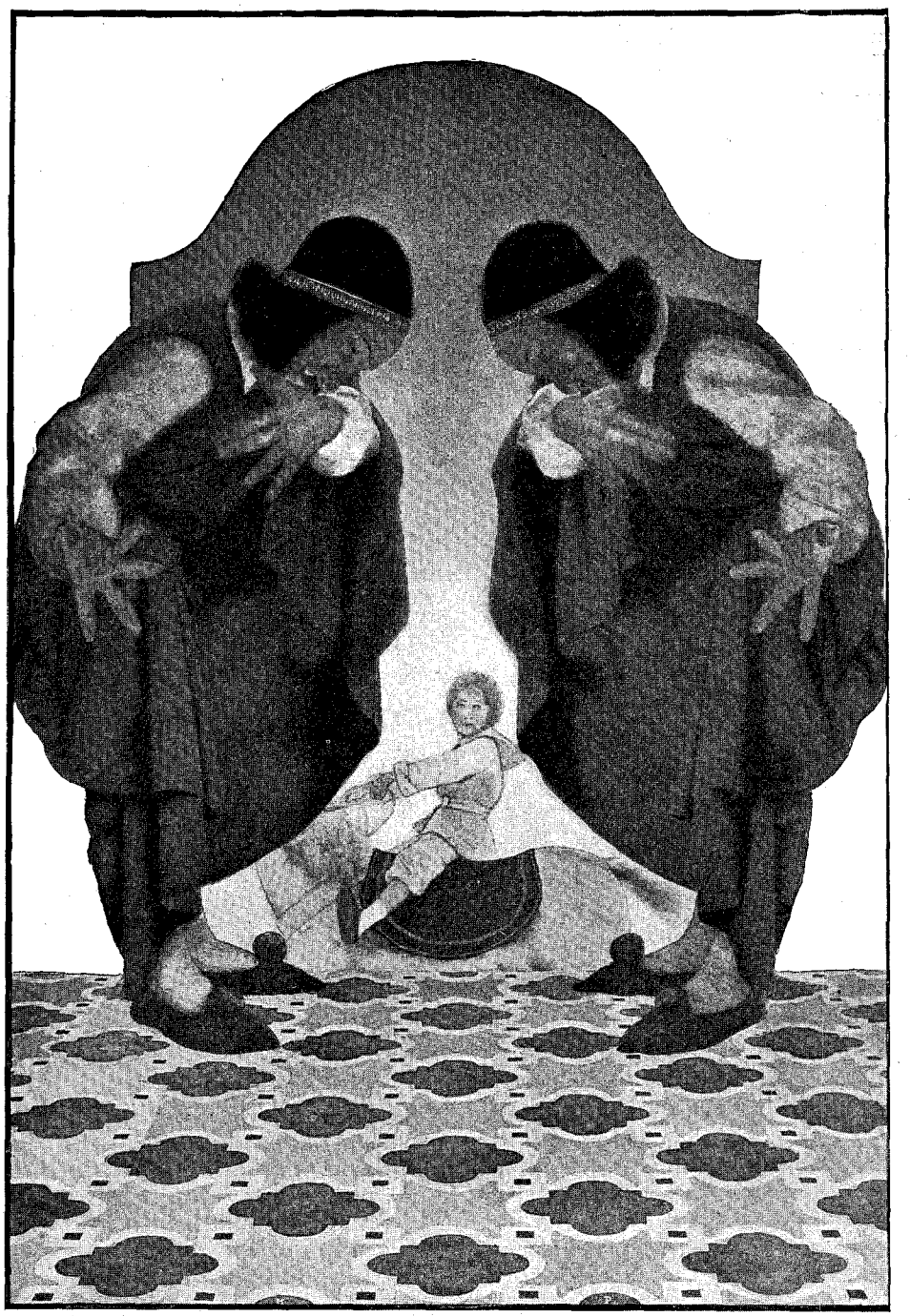

"AND THE FLY-AWAY HORSE SEEKS THOSE FAR-AWAY LANDS
YOU LITTLE FOLKS DREAM OF AT NIGHT"

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish for "Poems of Childhood," published by Charles Scribner's Sons

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Maxfield Parrish and His Work

By William D. Moffat

THE publication of the "Poems of Childhood" by Eugene Field, with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, stirs anew the enthusiasm that this artist's work almost invariably arouses. Mr. Parrish is one of those rare illustrators who never disappoint. There is always something to admire in his work, and in most of his pictures a cause for genuine delight. The position of Mr. Parrish in the field of modern illustration is unique. His work is strongly individual, and possesses qualities so original that imitation brings instant betrayal with it. His pictures and decorations have a distinct place of their own in modern American art, and they have won for him a special kind of admiration, differentiating him in the public mind from his contemporaries. His public is a wide one, including the student of art, who finds satisfaction in his supremely clever technique; the thoughtful man, who is impressed by the highly imaginative poetry revealed in his work; and the average person of taste, who is charmed by the richness of his color compositions. His work, while enjoying popularity, at the same time wins the most exacting critic. A curious thing about Mr. Parrish is that he seems never to have had a term of apprenticeship, but appears to have arrived full-fledged and finished in his art. His earliest work reveals the qualities that have won distinction for him, and nothing that has appeared from his pen or brush shows a touch of immaturity. One is impressed almost at the first glance by the exceeding care shown by Mr. Parrish in his drawing. He is conscientious to a degree that permits no work to go from his studio unfinished. In the early days, when asked to submit a sketch for consideration, he said: "I will show you a completed design; it is easier for me to do that than to make a sketch." When we recall that "the early days" means only about six years ago, we realize how rapid the progress of Mr. Parrish has been.

He is now scarcely more than thirty years of age. He comes of old Quaker extraction and has a heritage in art, for his father, Mr. Stephen Parrish, is a painter and etcher of ability. Mr. Parrish graduated at Haverford College and then entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, after which he studied for a time in the class of Mr. Howard Pyle at the Drexel Institute. The first designs that brought his name to public attention were two posters, each of which won prizes in a competition in 1897. One of these posters was made for the Pope Manufacturing Company, the other for the August nnmber of the "Century Magazine." These designs led to the making of magazine covers, and in this field Mr. Parrish won a place of distinction at once. During several succeeding years there appeared on the covers of some of the leading magazines a number of exquisite, poetic designs that made Mr. Parrish's name widely and favorably known. His fine decorative effects in deep purple forest or sunny blue sky, in delicately modeled figures or formal classic architecture, were something new in the art of cover designing, and they became standards of beauty of their kind.

Mr. Parrish has from the beginning revealed a special talent for decoration, and though he has become celebrated as an illustrator, his first productions were of a decorative character. Notable among these was the mural decoration of "Old King Cole" on the walls of the grill-room at the Mask and Wig Club of Philadelphia, a design which has since been reproduced and widely enjoyed, not only for its drawing but for its delicious humor. There is humor in much of Mr. Parrish's work, and of the finest kind. The humorist in him, however, is balanced by the poet, and frequently the two are exquisitely combined. The poetic vein in his nature is exalted and spiritual, the humor quaint and whimsical. Both find ample expression in the illustrated edition of Eugene Field's "Poems of Child-

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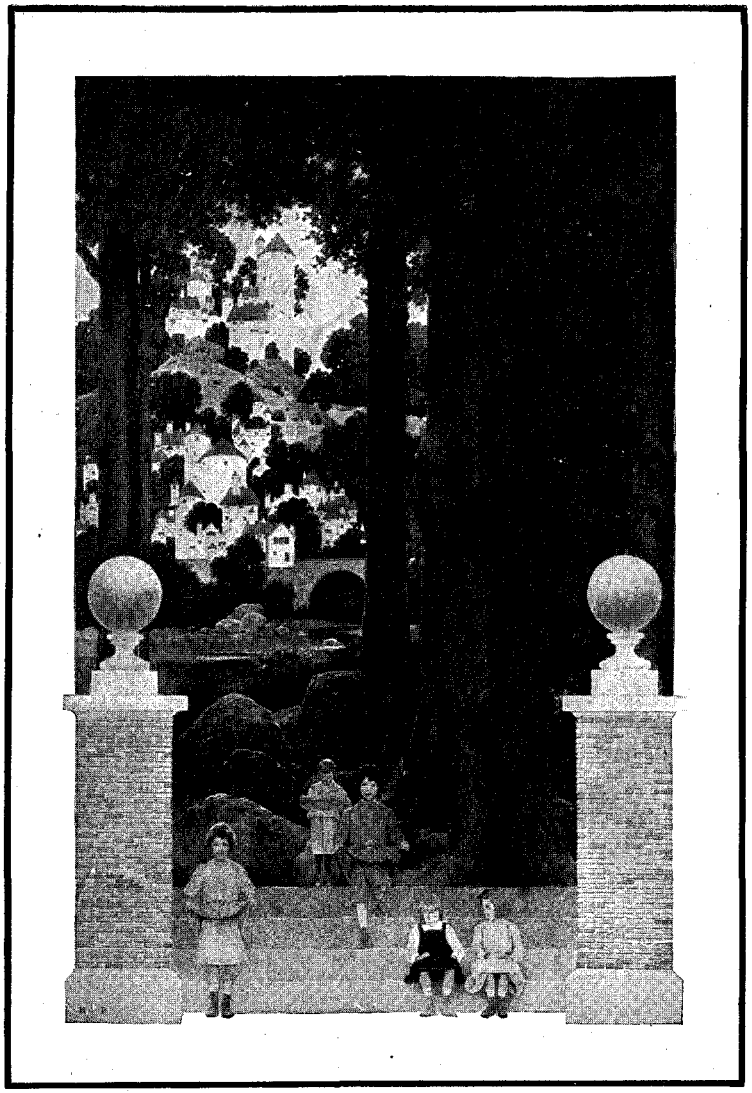

"AND YOU CARRY AWAY OF THE TREASURE THAT RAINS,
AS MUCH AS YOUR APRON CAN HOLD"

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish for "Poems of Childhood," published by Charles Scribner's Sons

hood" just published. In these charming verses—not inaptly characterized as "chapters from the gospel of childhood"—Mr. Parrish's talents have found the best possible scope. There is in his illustrations the same ingenuous, child-like frankness, the same whimsical humor and delicate pathos that we find in the text. The spirit of the illustrator not only pervades the verses but envelops them as well, extending even to the cover. In fact, the cover design is one of the best things about the book. The slender, graceful boy and the huge giant "at gaze" in mutual "wonder and amaze" is a characteristic example of Mr. Parrish's humor, and one of his most pleasing color compositions. Mr. Parrish is at his best in color. His palette is rich and full; his use of color strikingly effective, both as a means of artistic and of poetic expression. The picture of "The Sugar-Plum Tree" is full of the splendidly somber shadows wherein the child-imagination expands; the pale mists that envelop Wynken,

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Blynken, and Nod are steeped with the mystic charm of childhood's dreams, partly veiling, partly revealing, the wonderful sights and the beautiful things on the "river of crystal light." The picture of "Little John and his Sister Sue," while irresistible in its humorous aspect to older folk, is both in spirit and in composition a monument of child pathos. The figures of tousle-headed and knickerbockered John, and Sue with cap and checkered gingham, are most actual and realistic. Pedestaled on high, and silhouetted against an ideal landscape and glowing sky, they present a contrast that plays havoc with one's emotions. "Seein' Things at Night" is a composition, we venture to say, that no child can look upon with composure. The foreground of the picture, where the blue-and-white counterpane of the bed falls toward the floor, shows Mr. Parrish in his most careful mood, working out with amazing technique the folds and squared pattern of the fabric. The shadows beyond the bed are filled with monstrous "things standin' in a row, and lookin' at me cross-eyed and pointin' at me so." In this field Mr. Parrish's imagination passes even beyond the text, and conjures up a group of night ogres before whom even the boldest of us must shiver.

Perhaps the most beautiful and poetic of all the compositions in the book is the picture that accompanies the poem of "The Dinkey-Bird," showing the figure of the child swinging in space from the limb of the Amfalula-tree, in the land of Wonder-Wander, by the "ocean 'way out yonder." It seems to us that Mr. Parrish has made no illustration more exquisitely charming than this, in color, in composition, and in poetic feeling. With the picture before us we read the poem again and find new meanings in it. It is more than an illustration; it is an illuminating interpretation. One can linger long over these pictures and come back to them eagerly after laying them down.

It is not only in the things that he has done that Mr. Parrish is interesting; it is in some of the things that he has not done. His imagination finds expression not only in warm, rich tones and a glow of color, but, when other ends are sought, it employs the most subdued effects, and at times it rests on empty spaces. He knows as few artists do the full value of white paper, and the fine finish of his work and his cleverness in detail is equaled by his taste and good judgment in the matter of what should be left undone. Referring once to a very eloquent bit of white paper in one of his drawings, he said, in his quaint manner, "That is one of the best things I did *not* do."

The illustration of the Flyaway Horse in the Field book presents an example of the curious contrasts to be found in some of Mr. Parrish's compositions. There we find white paper, a simple, decorative flat background, and two of his grotesquely comical figures standing on an elaborately tiled floor, the figures and the flooring worked out with the fullest detail, in contrast with the simple background. Mastery of small detail is characteristic of Mr. Parrish. We continually wonder at his patience and painstaking care. And yet, with all his elaboration of detail, there is in his work a classic simplicity and a largeness of idea that place his pictures among the enduring things of art. Each new work of his is in a way a new revelation, and it would be hard to fix the limit of his powers.

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Mark Twain

A Glance at His Spoken and Written Art

By Richard Watson Gilder

TWO questions, at this moment still unanswered, were presented to my mind while climbing the dizzy double precipice of the northeast corner of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh. One of these questions naturally arose in my own mind—"How on earth was this pyramid built?" The other, put to me by my Arab guides, was, "How many sheep has Mark Twain?" It is doubtful whether the inquisitive Arabs were familiar with the personality of any other of my countrymen, historical or contemporaneous; and the incident of the question suggests another inquiry, whether it would not be difficult to find any contemporaneous American name—except Presidential names, perhaps—equally familiar throughout the world. This is partly because of the adventitious circumstance that the author has traveled widely, and has even lived in various countries; but it is more particularly owing to the fact that though his writings savor so intensely of their native soil, their appeal is universal, both in relation to nationality and to individual culture. He numbers among his ardent appreciators philosophers, cab-drivers, and kings.

I can write now only of one or two elements of his extraordinary power and popularity as writer and speaker. It would be very difficult for me to separate the written from the spoken art of Mark Twain. He has so often appeared on the so-called lecture platform, and has been heard so frequently in after-dinner speeches, public and private, and as a raconteur in friendly circles, that the present generation of readers have had the enjoyment of a double presentation of his genius.

Humor is, of course, fundamentally a point of view. The humorist—or a certain kind of humorist—may be said to be one who sees things as they are and who tells what he sees with merciful exaggeration. He feels, perhaps, that a plain, unvarnished statement of the truth as he perceives it would be too great a shock for his audience; therefore he deals in extremes, in paradoxes, in picturesque and amusing satire—the bitter pill of truth is prettily gilded. The king's clown is joking, consumedly; yes; but if the joking is permitted to be kept up, look out for the king's crown!

Under the kind of humor that we know in Mark Twain one feels often enough a terribly strong conviction, an acid indignation. It is not always so; but at any moment it may be so. On the other hand, much of the time the story witnesses to the author's pure enjoyment of the incongruities, absurdities, and ineffectual pretenses of life; the note is gay, vacational, irresponsible. Sometimes it is the mood of delight in the mere picturing of the human pageant. What better occupation than this could a humorist desire, if it be true, as certain "inhabitants of Malabar" aver, that the world is "one of the seventy-four comedies with which the Eternal amuses himself."[1]

As to the form of presentation, this is with Mark Twain always dramatic. You get at the method when you hear him, in person, tell a story. His is the art of the dramatist and actor in one. He can always speak his own stories better than can any one else.

Whenever I have read Dickens, since that glorious night when I first listened to his living voice in the old Steinway Hall, I have heard the rushing humor of his undulating intonations, and have recollected with delight his irrepressible laughter at his own characters. And so it is with Artemus Ward's drolleries; always I seem to hear his hesitating accents when I read him, and I see again his admirably assumed anxiety and inimitable foolishness.

[1] See John Morley's "Diderot."

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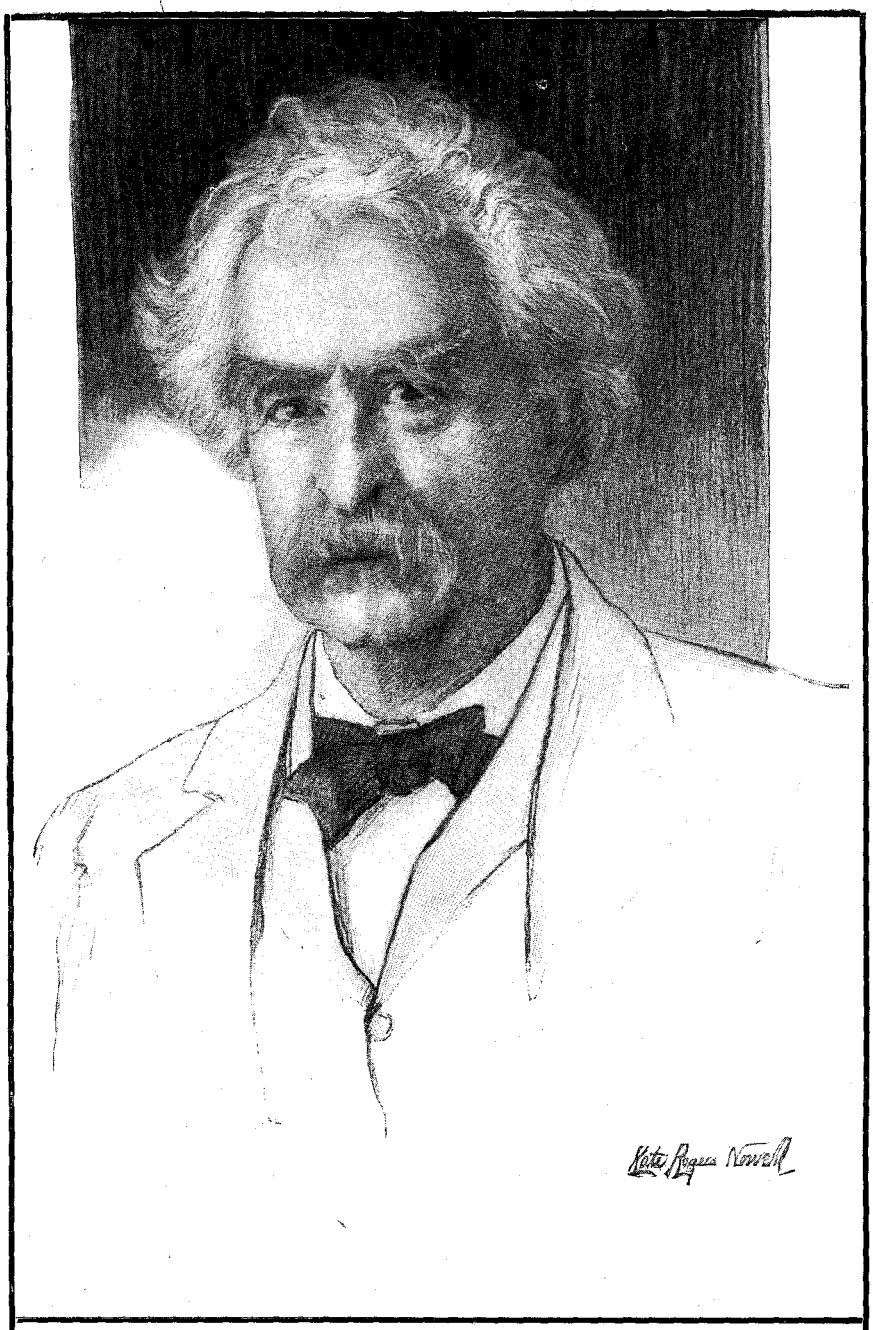

MARK TWAIN

Drawn from life for The Outlook by Kate Rogers Nowell

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Mark Twain's oral story-telling, it seems to me, is certainly not less artistic, not less dramatic, than the "reading" of Dickens or the "lecturing" of Artemus Ward. His method is greatly different from that of either of the other masters of humor; it is like Artemus Ward's only in this, that (unlike Dickens) he would never allow it to be seen that he was amused by his own fun. I have heard Mr. Clemens read from manuscript—but much more often I have heard him speak without notes, sometimes creating his drama, so to speak, on the spot, in whole or in part. I have heard stories told by him which were either largely improvisations, or rehearsals, or studied performances, on public occasions and before private audiences of three or four or more, and always with the same spirit, originality, dramatic completeness, artistic finish, and sustained and surprising humor—*i.e.*, a humor continually inventive of new surprises.

The sense of dramatic art that one feels in his oral story-telling is recognized in his writings. These have, through practice and through a determined search for the exact word, gradually increased in verbal felicity. So varied is his curiosity and so great his spirit of literary adventure that he is continually experimenting; and the experiments are of varying success. But there is a general advance in artistic qualities; and one never knows but that the next piece from the hands of "the world's greatest living humorist" may be an addition to a line of masterpieces, put forth for the edification and good cheer of countless numbers of his fellow-men.

To Master Henry Fielding

By George Herbert Clarke

I' faith, good Hal, you have a saucy wit,
You sober-smiling magistrate of modes;
And yet, I swear, I like the way of it,
Save when, of course, it mocks *my* social codes
And private peccadilloes.

And what a brave old Bull you are, my Fielding,
And how you tear and toss the crimson rags
Of "low" and "law," and how you scorn the yielding
To critics who, unhorsed, their saddle-bags
Must use in lieu of pillows!

They're left to brood their sins, while you, impatient,
Like Ocean old, to change the figure here,
With soul as free as that of any ancient,
And sentences a trifle mixed, I fear,
Sweep on in lofty billows.

Roguish as Puck, and now benign as Brahma,
Give us to drink from out your generous glass—
Seer and lover of the human drama—
Wisdom and cheer through all the way we pass
From storks to weeds and willows!

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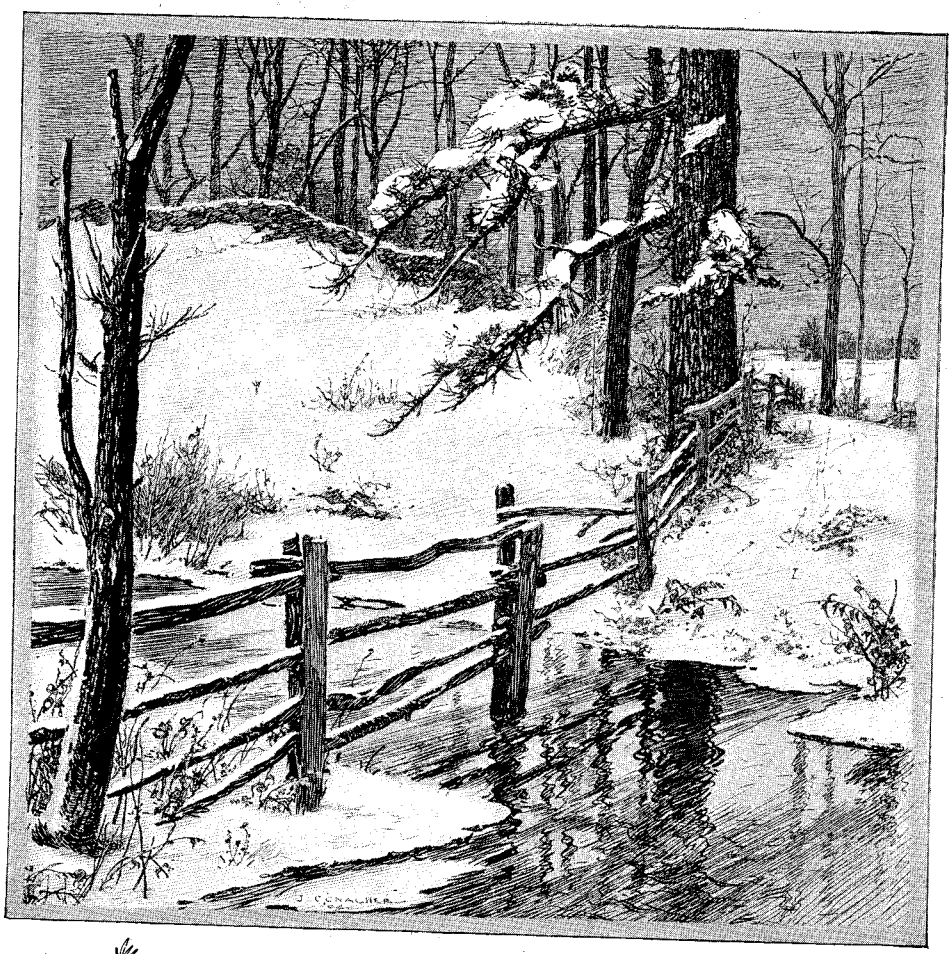

DECEMBER

By Sara Andrew Shafer

WITH whisper and rustle and start and hush,
The dry leaves murmur on tree and bush.
On somber pines, with boughs bent low,
Forsaken nests are piled with snow.
The chickadees, alert for seeds,
Chatter and cling to the swaying weeds.
The snow drifts deep in the country ways,
And short and cold are the cheerless days.
Yet, fair on the brow of the frozen night,
The Christmas stars shine, large and bright.

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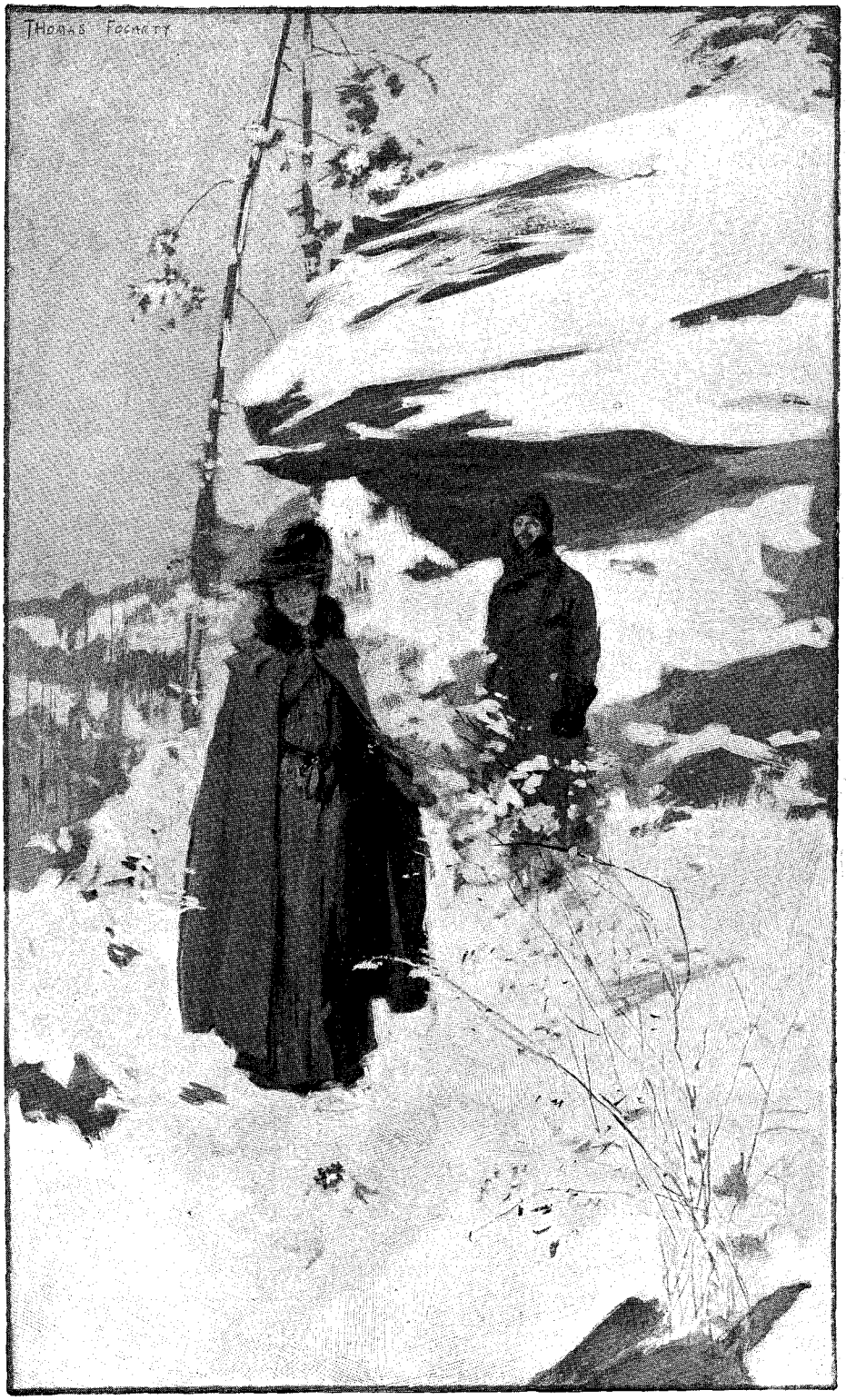

"GOOD-BY, QUARRELS"
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

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The Tomb of the Hatchet

By Katharine Holland Brown

"ALSO you'll be use' live here on this islan' in de ole days, M'sieu?"

"I was stationed up yonder at the Fort ten years ago, just before the post was withdrawn." Benedict threw his worn suit-case on the shore, and sat down with a gasp. This high, keen, flashing Northern air stung a man's lungs like ice needles, after the wet, warm swamp-mists of Samar. And yet how good it tasted! How good it was to shiver before this glory of frozen lake and snow-piled hills once more!

"Then it is that you have of rillations here by Mackinac, what you'll make to visit on thees time of Christmas?"

Old Octave hung at his elbow, fairly throbbing with curiosity. The knot of loungers in mackinaws and bearskins gazed away in lofty indifference; but Benedict knew that every man of them was holding his breath for his reply. He grinned, a bit shamefaced.

"Don't know a soul on the place," he retorted, shortly. "Did you say that I could have a room and bread and bacon up at your cabin, Lézard? I'll not stay longer than to-morrow."

"But, M'sieu le Général—"

"M'sieu le Major," corrected Benedict, tartly. "Take my suit-case to the house, will you? I'm going up the hills awhile. Nonsense! I know every yard of the island. I can't get lost. No, I sha'n't be lonesome, either."

He buckled the fur stock round his lean, sun-bronzed throat, and strode briskly away. The group gaped after him, brown carven images of bewilderment.

"Jus' anozzer fool," giggled Jawnny Perroche.

"It'll be one plague of de fools is fall on thees islan', sure," grunted Petaire Beaupré. "Maybe they'll t'ink the summer she is come already by here." He kicked a mammoth icicle from the rail. "Where'll all these imbécile come from? Las' night there'll be that strange leddy, in her dress of fur an' de gran' cloak, walk all way crossin' de ice from St. Ignace jus' for stay here thees one day. To-day is arrive this M. le Major, what ain' got no rillation, no frien', no nossing on thees whole islan'. To-morrow will be the day of Christmas; we's better bus' open some of de hotel' an' cook big dinner ready. For who kin say how many more fool' is goin' come trottin' up de strait by then?"

Benedict labored on up the winding Fort road. He could all but hear the amused and pitying surmises that followed him; he laughed and swore at himself alternately. What an idiot, what a helpless, sentimental booby he was, to be sure! One week ago he had set foot on home soil for the first time in two years. His precious leave would never stretch over half the duties and the pleasures that he had planned; yet here he went, squandering three priceless days on an outlawed tryst, vowed these ten years gone. And such a tryst!

Laughter choked him; yet keen, wistful recollections stirred in his heart. Every turn, every vista of this white elfin roadway swung like a mirror of memory before his eyes. The hills were steeps of alabaster; so they had risen, tier upon tier of dazzling rime, on that other morning ten years ago to-day. The pines still bent beneath their spoil of pearl; the frozen strait was a setting of turquoise, all glaring, blinding blue. Nothing was changed. For all that his eyes might see, the island had lain in its winter sleep, hushed in this white enchantment, through all these far silent years.

He crossed the deserted parade-ground. Here, at last, it was not the same. No smoke curled from the chimneys; the paths from quarters to barracks were choked in drifted snow. A rusty cannon, sleet-coated, leaned like a top-heavy snow-man against the porch; the broken carriage made a billowy mound beside it. Benedict shaded his eyes and peered through the grimed panes, then drew back, shivering. How

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wide and cold and still they were, those empty, desolate rooms! This dusty closet had been the colonel's den, a haven of glowing grate and cushioned sleepy-hollows. This boarded cell had been Madame's sitting-room, all heartsome crimson, with its pictures and china and trumpery, its low glittering tea-table, its very perfume of home. Yet it was not the thought of these dear nooks as he remembered them, warm, cheery, peaceful, that made him sigh and shrink away. This was a place of ghosts. They were all scattered and gone, these kindly men, these gracious women, who had made his boyhood service such a joy. And this, his tryst, was but a tryst of ghosts.

"Marian would give me up for a lorn loon if she could hear that," he told himself, with a grim laugh at his own foolery. Yet his eyes darkened as he looked away up the long, pine-walled slope. On the crest of that hill, in the lee of a great boulder, lay the tomb of the hatchet, the shrine that he had traveled all these miles to see.

They had buried the hatchet together, Marian and he, that other day before Christmas, ten years ago. He could see her yet, slim, awkward, lovely, as she knelt at the tiny space which he had dug, the rusted knife in her hands, her gold-brown eyes aflash, her childish face flushing and sparkling with awed mischief.

"This will be fair sacrileegious, Wallace," she had declared, with the tang of Scotch that made her grave speech irresistible. "And yet it would be sacrileegiouser for us to keep on quarreling the way we used to do, now that we're going to turn over a new leaf and grow up. Pile the earth in now, man."

She laid the hatchet in its narrow bed, then sat back on the boulder, her bronze head tossed high, her red cloak pulled tight about her shoulders, while he filled in the frozen soil. Together they mounded the dry snow high above it. Then she drew a little bundle from the depths of her cloak, and took out a stiff wreath of smilax and red geranium, stolen from Madame's window-pots. She laid it on the little grave, then stood back, with bowed head.

"Good-by, quarrels," she whispered, softer than a sigh.

"Good-by, quarrels!' Benedict, shamefaced, half-laughing, echoed her low farewell. Then their eyes met; and in that glance this airy whim, this mood of daring nonsense, faded and fell away. For all their childish years, they stood before each other solemnly revealed, man and woman, facing their fate, awed, yet unafraid. Then the man's passion had overleaped his shy, boyish reverence, and he had spoken his will, faltering, tender, masterful. Ah the light in those golden eyes when he lifted her face to his!

Benedict set his teeth on a groan. It would all have been so different if they had only been married then! But they had waited, year after year, for the promotion which he felt must be his before he could dare to claim her. The waiting could make no difference, he had said, joyously. They loved each other; who could come between?

Only the years had come between. There could be no more desperate barrier. For all their vows and protests, the stately girl whom he had made his wife five years ago was not the blossom-child of that far morning hour. And he himself was not the boy that she had loved. They were happy, to be sure—determinedly happy. Life knows no harsher task than the happiness dutiful.

Then the baby came; and before its tiny hands had learned to tighten their slackening links, the little life had slipped away.

Marian had been patient; all too patient. Benedict, his heart wrung for her grief, had offered to let her go home to her own people for a year. It was cruel to keep her at that wretched Arizona post, worn by the heat, fretted by the thousand pin-pricks of the frontier life which she so despised. At first she had vowed her conscientious will to stay; then the longing for her mother's comfort had swept her past her resolve.

"I'll come back in the fall, of course," she had declared, when they said good-by. But she did not come back. Her mother was stricken with a wasting illness; her father, bewildered and helpless, leaned on this brave daughter as

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on a son. They met only at long intervals through the next two years. Finally Benedict was promised an appointment at Fort Meyer; and while they were planning for a quiet year together, there came his summons to the Philippines. That was eighteen months ago. And she had not followed him.

There were matters enough to keep her behind, he assured himself, dispassionately. Her father was lonely and feeble. Her property interests did better when she was on hand to oversee them. Her friends were legion. Moreover, Marian was conservative. The shifting scenes of army life made no appeal to her. She loved her own little niche, her own modest pedestal. Decidedly, it was not fair for him to ask her to put aside all her tastes and preferences for the uncertain delights of his comradeship.

Yet the man's heart was bruised within him. Throughout these months of separation there had grown up between them a restraint which irked and fretted him; a bar which neither his trust nor his devotion could surmount. Marian could never change to him, he urged, fiercely. She was tired, she was sad; that was all. Yet he knew himself chilled and daunted even in the face of her grave constancy. Sorrow and care had dimmed the memory of their youthful rapture to her eyes, like mist upon a glass; to him the rosy image was still vivid and most dear. They were out of step; perhaps that was all. And that was all of life.

She would be in New York to meet him, so she had written. In three more days they would be together once again. But the knowledge brought only a tempered pleasure, and there was no eagerness in his heart. For here he went, deliberately adding a day to these months apart by this absurd, most pitiful journey; this tryst with the wraith of the girl that his wife had been.

He breathed quick when he reached the great gray boulder. It was all so like that other, fairer morning! Only there shone no glint of a golden head, no gleam of a scarlet cloak at the pine clump which marked their meeting-place. He looked about him quietly, with the instinctive reckoning of every point, of every loved trivial detail, which comes unknowingly after long absence. In all these years he saw no rift of change. White and remote as a polar coast lay the island, sloping away beneath his feet in terrace and cleft and precipice, till its sparkling rim met the glare of the ice below. Nowhere was there a sign of life. Not even a smoke curl drifted past the pine barrier which hid the village from his eyes. The silence hung about him like a veil of spun glass, which his least breath might shatter.

He slid his fingers over the side of the boulder till he found the rough initials which he had chiseled there. How Marian had jeered at his bungling efforts to cut her M so accurately that the wayfaring man might know it from his own W below! Directly in line with the lettering lay the grave of the hatchet, drifted to-day, by quaint coincidence, into the semblance of the mound that her hands had built.

Drifted?

Suddenly he leaned down, staring. His dark face paled curiously; his heart beat in long, choking lunges. That snow was packed, not drifted; it was a tiny cairn, not a wind-swept heap. There lay the mark of a slim hand on its summit; those narrow footprints, leading away down hill, so lightly traced on the crusted snow, were not his own.

He dragged himself to his feet; the white hills reeled and swam before his staring eyes.

A woman was coming slowly up the last slope. Her black cloak fell in mournful folds from chin to feet, but her wind-blown hair shone gold against the shrouding veil. She walked like one in a dream, head bent, her lax hands hanging. She did not see him till she had passed the boulder. Then, at his low, awed cry, she looked up, startled, gasping, and they two stood face to face.

For the moment neither spoke. They stood as in a trance of wonder. But in a breath there came to both a knowing of the truth. They stared at each other, swiftly comprehending, shamed at their childish whimsey, yet beholding each other as in a new light of miracle—the dear, mysterious light of that far, happier day. It was as though they

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stepped back from their older, sadder world, into that world of dawn. Silently Marian came to him and put her hands about his neck. He sobbed out as his arms closed round her.

"Wallace, man"—he felt, rather than heard, her whispering reproach—"you ought to be on your way East to meet me this minute. Why did you wait to come up here?"

Benedict glanced at the cairn at their feet.

"So we're here, both of us, on this fool's errand?" She looked up at him, her eyes alight through the storm of her tears. "For my part, I came to meet a boy—a lad I used to quarrel with—these ten years back. And I've found him. What luck had you?"

Benedict tried to laugh with her. But his joy was far too royal to wear the mask of mirth. "I've won out, too, Marian. For I came to look for the girl—the girl that you used to be."

"Shall we leave it buried?" she asked him after a while.

Benedict answered with a look.

"At least we might pay it decent reverence," she added, fumbling beneath her cloak. She pulled out a tiny spray of geranium and heliotrope, begged from a village window. "Do you remember the wreath we made before, when I stole the geraniums from Madame Courtenay's window-pots, and you teased the gardener for the wire? Oh, Wallace, Wallace, do you remember—*everything?*"

She dropped the little wreath on the frosty cone.

"Good-by, quarrels!" she murmured, under her breath.

"Good-by, quarrels!"

She turned at the note in her husband's voice. Her whole heart went out in one tender, remorseful cry.

"Oh, Wallace, man, did you care? *Could* you care? Can you know how I've longed and thirsted and starved for you?"

"Also, they'll make depart', tous les deux, M'sieu le Major an' Madame de strange leddy in velvet, together, at this moment!" Old Octave hurtled into Perroche's cabin like a distracted bomb-shell. "Regard, vite, vite!"

The crowd scuttled wildly to the window.

"They'll go by Mackinaw for take de railroad," said Beaupré. "Hélas, our plague of fool' is make leave before the Christmas Day is arrive'! It'll ain' goin' be worth while for cook that dinner nor nossing!"

Old Octave blinked after the retreating figures. There was an impish twinkle on his weatherbeaten old face. "Who would not be fool?" he queried, gayly. "Behol' how they forget that it is col', how they'll stop for laugh an' talk. They've been an' foun' they's Christmas up on de Fort Hill togezzer; I'll hear Madame say that she-se'f. Me, I'll t'ink they is fin' they's summer up there, too."

The Last Word

By Priscilla Leonard

Fate takes the pen, and with resistless hand
  Sets down man's sum of life—so many days,
  So many journeys along destined ways,
So many hopes wrecked on a foredoomed strand,
So many griefs that none shall understand
  And strivings none shall pity or shall praise,
  So many joys from brief and passionate blaze
Trampled to blackness—all foreknown, foreplanned.

Yet man, not fate, decides life's final word;
  Still must he add what doubles all the rest
    Or makes it nothing—still, despairing, write
"*Woe is me, unhappy!*"—or, with courage stirred
  To an unfaltering flame, sum up each test,
    And set down, calmly—"*I have fought the fight!*"

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FOUR REPRESENTATIVE LITERARY CRITICS

Edward Dowden — William Crary Brownell
Georg Brandes — Ferdinand Brunetière

Edward Dowden

By H. W. Boynton

FEW literary careers during the past half-century have been more effective, though not a few have been more spectacular, than that of Professor Dowden. His work, entirely critical except for an early volume of verse, has not been of a kind or a quality to make his name a household word. Literary criticism necessarily appeals to a limited audience, whose boundaries, whose numbers almost, are calculable. The "adventures of a soul among masterpieces" are not of a kind to thrill the ordinary citizen, fond of adventures as he may be. Now and then, to be sure, the work of a critic is so informed with personality as to command wider attention. People get interested in the man who is speaking, and are indifferent to the category within which his discourse may chance to fall. They perceive the artificiality of the distinction between what is critical and what is creative; or, rather, they forget that such a distinction was ever drawn.

But this is a rare achievement; Professor Dowden has neither compassed nor attempted it. He has chosen what for most critics is doubtless the better part; in a sense, "to subdue his hand to what it works in," to go soberly and modestly about his business of interpretation. If he has never written up to his ideas of himself, he has never written down to his notion of a popular audience. He has bent his mind upon his theme, and remained for the most part unconscious of himself and of his auditors. Such sobriety has its own fruitfulness. His achievement is likely to be of permanent value; though it belongs to an age which seems pretty well content with achievements of momentary brilliancy or of immediate utility.

His personal force has expressed itself in other than literary ways, as the facts of his quiet yet active career show. Born in Cork in 1843, he has chosen to spend his whole life in Ireland. As student and professor he has been connected with Dublin University for over forty years. He has also been lecturer at the Cambridge Trinity, and President of the English Goethe Society. In Ireland he has held not a few important offices, such as Trustee of the National Library, Commissioner of National Education, Secretary of the Irish Liberal Union, and Vice-President of the Irish Unionist Alliance. He may, moreover, write himself Master of Arts, Doctor of Laws, Doctor of Civil Law, and Doctor of Literature. So much for his academic and civic standing; such facts are mainly of interest to us because they indicate the broad foundation of human experience upon which his criticism is built.

That criticism has been unusual in bulk as well as in quality; there are now something like twenty volumes of it. Roughly, they fall into three groups: biographies, short critical studies, and critical texts. His editions of Shelley and Wordsworth, his lives of Shelley

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and Browning, his studies in Shakespeare, have apparently found a place among lasting books in their kind. In biography he gains his effect by gradual accumulation of significant data rather than by explicit criticism; the interpretation of the given data he prefers to leave to his readers. For independent expressions of judgment we are to look to the three volumes of essays which he has published. In these books we shall perhaps find what in his work is of most general appeal and much that is intrinsically valuable.

There has been nothing precocious in Professor Dowden's development, and nothing hasty in his production. He put forth his first series of "Studies in Literature" at thirty-five. "Transcripts and Studies" appeared ten years later, and after seven years more came "New Studies in Literature." A glance at the early essays shows the bent and the range of his criticisms upon modern English and French literature. The volume opens with papers on the relation of the French Revolution, of the Transcendental movement, and of the scientific movement, to literature. Essays follow on Landor, Tennyson and Browning, George Eliot, Lamennais, Edgar Quinet, Hugo, Whitman: surely a catholic assemblage for a still young critic to deal with. But Dowden had reached his maturity, and there is probably little in this book which his later judgment has condemned. One finds more frequently uttered in it, perhaps, an instinct for sonorous prose which has never quite deserted him. There is a haunting eloquence in such a passage as that in which he parenthetically defines Purgatory as "that sacred moment between earth and lunar heaven made beautiful and piteous with mourning and desire." But the critic is never tempted into mere rhetoric; his work springs from a sense nicely balanced between emotion and intellect. It betrays nothing analogous to that vibration between the languid and the acidulous which marked the later product of so excellent a critic as Sir Leslie Stephen. The type is different: given a little less erudition and a little more brilliancy, he might fitlier be compared with Bagehot; or, given a little less brilliancy and a little more erudition, with Churton Collins. But such a hint of parallels is enough, if not more than enough; Professor Dowden as a critic needs no bolstering from without.

One can hardly cease speaking of him without making some note of his attitude toward contemporary literature. His position is a reasonable and wholesome one. He does not find the most flattering things to say of the actual product; but of forces and tendencies which a Stephen must needs make the object of a kind of despairing flippancy, and which a Churton Collins, for the most part, discreetly ignores, he has been able to hold a view at once strict and hopeful. More than once he has taken pains to express his sense of the inevitableness of our present itinerary; it is the way, no doubt, to some new land of promise. Of such an optimism, which blinks no fact and yet anticipates no hopeless defeat, the world stands always in need.

Georg Brandes

By Paul Harboe

A FEW years ago, in answer to a set of questions put to him by the editor of "Juleroser," a Danish Christmas periodical, Georg Brandes somewhat enlightened his critics concerning such shades of his personality as they might for controversial purposes be greatly interested in. He informs us that the main trait of character in him is defiance; that he values the quality of decision above all others; that the gift he would most like to possess is the power of kindling enthusiasm in the hearts of others; that his favorite occupation is to combat ignorance; that his motto is Preserverando. The stuff these replies express is in the blood and bone of the Danish scholar who for a decade has been despised and admired, envied and persecuted, hated and loved,

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in a degree that is as illuminating as a symbol, by the people whose country he was consistently trying to expand, in the consciousness of the world, by conducting the currents of Continental culture therein; by brushing away, without reverence, the spider-webs of futile tradition; in short, by giving its literature and art a new air to breathe and, as it were, a new mansion to inhabit.

The disastrous war with Germany was barely over when Brandes completed his studies at the University, to which he had be enadmitted in 1859, at the age of seventeen. The prodigious lesson was a lesson only to those who could or cared to think of what had been lost—and, in fact, nothing save an experience had been gained—and the contemplation of it all awoke in Brandes a deep sense of indignation at the consciousness of his country's petty power and flagrant folly; for that this war should and could have been avoided it is but a threadbare commonplace to repeat. Denmark was now like a cripple trying to creep out of a ditch that brutal hands had pushed it into. The old poets were weary and perhaps discouraged; at any rate, they had put down their pens. The spirit of the people seemed to have no other fount of generation than such intellectual nourishment as the minds of these ancient, blasé authors could offer. They worshiped the Idyllic School whose leading advocates were Ingemann, Hertz, Paludan-Möller, and Oehlenschlager. But in the greater countries of Europe Realism with all its supplementary influences was beginning to displace its rival forces. The mighty movement left no land untouched; very soon, indeed, translations from the works of the foremost writers of Europe made the new culture of the principal nations accessible to Danish readers.

In 1871 Brandes returned from a long journey abroad, full of impressions, vigorous with ambition, bearing fresh memories of personal contact with some of the most brilliant of contemporary scholars. He had formulated his plan; he was ready to announce his views to his people. And on November third of the same year he began that sensational series of lectures which so conspicuously marks the start of his career. He electrified his audience, shocked the old, but gained the admiration of the young, and found himself after the lapse of but a few days a glaring figure of public life. From the pulpit of the clergy, from the windows of the press, from the platform of politics, he was watched with equal eagerness. He was not merely a reviewer of books, not an ordinary critic; if he had been, we should never have known what is now called "Brandesianism."

To his almost vicious aggressiveness, as much as to anything else, is due the portion of disapproval, dissent, and reproach he has met from many quarters of Denmark. In attempting to show the reaction of the nineteenth century following upon the civilization of the eighteenth, Brandes was anything but gentle in manner. He made use of metaphors too harsh for the soft Danish ear, and his accusations were not always sober and serious enough to command the respect he deemed them worthy of. It may be said that he detested too keenly what he might, by the exercise of a little toleration, have induced his countrymen to look upon with contempt. Certainly they all followed him for some distance on the road; they rode in his vehicle of new thought across the wastes of sterile culture, but very few of them went all the way.

At the turn of the tide of public opinion, swift and terrible, Brandes for the first time felt the sting of being hated by a nation, and he speaks thus of the attitude of the public toward him: "It was a sensation as if the whole town [Copenhagen] whined and screeched at me. During the first month it wore on my nerves, but I accustomed myself perfectly to the sense that the great majority of my compatriots were against me, and it is not likely that I shall ever, during the space of time I may still have for life, get rid of the impression."

In 1873, the general sentiment being of a nature that made his residence in Denmark hard and bitter, Brandes decided to spend most of his time abroad. From 1876 to 1883 he lived in Berlin, visiting Copenhagen and remaining there about a month of each year. But he had found his disciples, his followers,

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who were all champions of Realism, and whose writings were largely influenced by contemporary Continental ideas, by the doctrines of Taine, who was the great teacher of Brandes.

Those were the years of strife; and victory and peace were homeless birds that fluttered on the horizon with weary wings. The men who had fought under the banner raised by their chief deserted the familiar camp one by one, entering the haunts of the enemy. The stuff of which fighters are made is not in the nature of every writer, and as the years passed, contemplating the march of events, Brandes found himself a deserted leader. Yet, for all his discouragements, his individual grasp of hand became firmer, and, seeing cause and effect in the light of his own experience, there was nothing for him to do but to go on struggling with the weapons he had chosen, to the end of life.

That torchlight processions have been held in honor of this man of letters, that he has been granted a titular professorship at the University, that great crowds flock to hear him lecture (which he very rarely does)—all this means, I dare say, very little as evidence of the national sentiment. He stands before the eye of the masses as a curious example of that which unsafe revolutionary ideas may transform a person into. He belongs to no political party, and it would seem that his position in his own land resembles that of Swinburne in England, that of Björnson in Norway, that of Haeckel in the German Empire; only, the national prejudice being so intense, so large of radius, so strong of fiber, the mere comparison leaves in obscurity certain conditions which constitute the uniqueness of the place he occupies. Denmark was the country Georg Brandes ardently desired intellectually to conquer. He tried to bend its pride, to educate its conscience, to mitigate its bias. As to how much he failed of, or succeeded in, only posterity will be able to offer conclusive testimony. It is a general statement to declare that Denmark of the present is no more his than was the Denmark of 1864. This, however, does not prove that his influence on the culture of the country has been naught. On the contrary, his was the force that in a time of spiritual laxity roused the consciousness of a whole people.

There has been during the last thirty years no movement, ethical, æsthetical, political, or social, with the rise or development of which Georg Brandes has not in some degree been associated.

But if it be contended that the Danish nation has failed to understand him, one may with a certain justice raise the objection that he has never sufficiently caught the spirit of the country of his birth. His gentle critics (there are a few) smile at his claims of patriotic sentiment, and say that his Jewish blood is the source of his great, all-determining limitation as a Danish scholar. "He doesn't know us, because he isn't of the clay we were fashioned of. There is nothing of our past in the tissues of his nature. His ancestors had nothing in common with ours; ours are the vikings who made chaotic Britain ring with terror; his are an expatriated, gregarious race, cosmopolitan merely because they have no country of their own. We have a mythology subordinate to none in nobility and vigorous beauty; our history is that of an independent nation; we accomplished our works of ourselves, and no foreigner will be allowed to draw us away from the things which the custom and usage of centuries have made sacred to us."

Although no one writes with a better pen than he, although he is a public speaker of incomparable eloquence, although as a scholar there is no man in Scandinavia more completely qualified to enrich the ores of erudition, the endeavor of Georg Brandes has not made a favorable appeal to Danish sympathies. He says with Zola, The Church is superfluous—annihilate it. And it is a matter of truth altogether too imperative to be left unsaid that one of his aims has been to put an end to the Church as an institution, as an organized power, in his own country.

His real friends must be looked for in foreign lands—in France, Germany, Poland, Russia—even Norway and Sweden. In Denmark, the little group of admirers who gather around him are not really worthy of enumeration. Like the

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hero of "An Enemy of the People," Georg Brandes stands alone; but what he said at his first address in 1871 he may consistently repeat to-day: "I deemed it a duty as well as an honor to defend the principles that are mine: my belief in the justice of free inquiry and in the ultimate victory of free thought."

William Crary Brownell

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

MR. William Crary Brownell is a man of such obvious intellectual integrity, and his methods are so searching, that he invites the most rigorous appraisal. He has less suavity, sympathy, feeling for qualities which are often called divination, than Professor Dowden; he is more exact and logical in his mental processes than Mr. Georg Brandes; and he shares with M. Brunetière the force and energy of mind of the French critic, without such rigidity of theory. One suspects that Mr. Brownell has no theory of criticism to establish, and is intent only on telling the truth as he sees it. This does not mean that he has no general view; it means that he endeavors honestly to bring his mind into contact with the facts in every case. He is a capital example of the professional as contrasted with the amateur in method and style.

He has had a careful training here and in Europe for the work he has done. His contact with journalism was long enough to give him a glimpse of what may be called "the popular mind," but not long enough to bend him to its service. Art and literature have engaged his attention from the start, and his various volumes illustrate in a very interesting way the application of identical methods to the study of literature, painting, and sculpture. His "French Traits" is distinctly the most illuminating interpretation of the French genius and character that has appeared, and belongs with the best racial or international studies. The peace societies could not do better than to secure the writing of such volumes and their wide distribution. Modern wars are made possible by misapprehensions between peoples, and "French Traits" is one of the books that explain a race to other races. Charles Lamb was once asked if he did not hate a certain man who was very obnoxious in London at the time. "How can I hate him?" was the reply; "I know him."

Such a task was congenial to Mr. Brownell, not only because of his intimate knowledge of French character, but by the bent of his mind. His work as a whole is a striking illustration of the maxim of a classical thinker—"Neither to laugh nor to cry, but to understand." Mr. Brownell is bent on getting at the truth without evasion or tampering. So impersonal is his attitude, so disinterested his spirit, that he could probably write about himself with dispassionate clearness of vision and unsparing definiteness of statement. But that is the very last thing one would suspect Mr. Brownell of doing; the impersonality of his attitude has bred in him a reticence which is a distinct element in the dignity of his mind and work.

Integrity, not only by instinct but by training, is the quality which lies at the root of all Mr. Brownell's work; and both the honesty of judgment and the thoroughness of workmanship of that work are forms of the same quality. There is no hint of the easy-going amateur either in Mr. Brownell's preparation or in his execution; one divines the capacity for work, the passion for getting at the fact, which lie behind his expression in every form, and which are not common in American writing. His power of concentration is shown in the penetration of his thought, his grasp of his theme, his ability to hold it before his mind until he has resolved it, so to speak, into its original elements. In intellectual force Mr. Brownell may be said to hold possibly the first place in

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American criticism; and the dominance of the intellectual quality gives his work a distinction which gains by contrast with the loose thinking of many of his contemporaries.

In power of analysis the author of "Victorian Prose Masters" is easily among the first, if he be not the first, in the little group of American critics. A good deal is said nowadays about the psychological method in literature, and three or four novelists rest their claims for distinction chiefly on the insight and skill with which they disentangle the web of character and destiny and trace the act back to certain antecedent qualities in the actor. It is to be noted, in the case of Mr. Brownell, that his analysis concerns itself little with those elements in the problem which are expressed in delicate shadings, in nice distinctions, in subtle balancings, but goes directly to the root of the matter, and, with less care for details but with greater penetration and precision, lays bare the ultimate foundations. One often rebels against Mr. Brownell's conclusion and hopes that he has not reached the final fact, but the thoroughness of his approach to the matter in hand and the precision with which the discussion is directed to the critical points always give one the unwelcome feeling that he may be right. A devout lover of Meredith has confessed that he never passes Mr. Brownell's window without a desire to assault a critic whose spirit seems to him merciless, but that he is always halted by the paralyzing suspicion that Mr. Brownell may have hit the truth after all.

And the more carefully his criticism is read the deeper becomes the conviction that Mr. Brownell *has* hit the truth. This impression grows as the reader perceives how thoroughly the critic has kept not only his subject but himself in hand. If, occasionally, he allows himself a little sport in the way of excursions from his line of advance, these rare side dashes of the mind only emphasize the completeness of the control which steadies and directs it. Here, again, the integrity of the critic's mind reveals himself; neither theory, which many men love more than truth; nor personal liking, which, in the minds of many critics, runs parallel with the principles of criticism; nor the passion for saying the brilliant thing, for a display of dexterity either in thought or phrase, which assails the expert everywhere, deflects this writer from his determination to do, not only with all his heart, but with all his mind, the work to which he has set his hand.

Last summer Mr. James published, in an English Review, an elaborate study of D'Annunzio. It was very long, very interesting, full of those nice shadings of expression, those delicate *nuances* of definition, of which Mr. James is a past-master. It was from several points of view a remarkable piece of writing; but as a piece of criticism its importance lay in the last three or four pages. In Mr. Brownell's discussion of "George Meredith," for instance, it would be difficult to find a paragraph that does not bear directly on the matter in hand and is not essential to a complete statement of conclusions.

It is impossible in this brief comment to characterize the books that have come from Mr. Brownell's hand—the "French Traits," the illuminating studies in French art, and the clear, searching discussions of the principles of art and of criticism which have appeared from time to time in various forms; it is only possible to point out certain qualities which give Mr. Brownell's work character. Perhaps that word best reveals the secret of that work—its solidity, unity, power. For Mr. Brownell has a view of life that makes adequate room for the manifestation of the human spirit which we call art; he holds the man and the work together and relates both to an order in things which is not superficially ethical, but which involves the relation of art to life at the root, and is so deeply moralized that every work of art counts as a vital fact in the life of a race, and is the deposit and exposition of forces both cosmical and personal. His method is clear, logical, analytical; his diction exact, with a didactic tendency.

The characteristic qualities of Mr. Brownell's criticism are intellectual integrity, intelligence, firmness of grasp, and dispassionateness of spirit; in these

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qualities are also to be found hints of his limitations. One feels in his work at times a certain lack of sympathy and a dominance of the purely critical over the æsthetic. Mr. Brownell is a very competent writer on art subjects, but there are places where one suspects that his insight would have been more penetrating, or, in any event, his statement more convincing, if his feeling had been a little warmer and more pervasive. It is a suggestive fact that in many works of art of a very high order the intellectual element is secondary; the primary qualities are vitality, power of emotion, depth of motive. And it may be suspected that in the criticism which becomes literature there must be a large infusion of these qualities. In style, too, the striving for exactness, for logical completeness of exposition, so to speak, sometimes carries Mr. Brownell's critical work into the field of psychological definition; it lacks euphony and ease.

These are, however, the defects of a writer whose qualities have been common at no period of American writing, and whose steadfast adherence to his own standards and loyalty to methods which are exacting alike of the thought of the writer and of the reader are of great importance in this day of quick writing and printing. Mr. Brownell's work covers less ground and is less comprehensive than the work of some of his contemporaries beyond the sea, but in intellectual force, acuteness, and grasp he ranks with the best of them.

Ferdinand Brunetière

By Th. Bentzon

Translated by Anna Knight

IN an age which is *par excellence* the age of criticism, and in a country where this form of literature flourishes with more brilliance than elsewhere, it may come to many people with something of surprise when we say that M. Brunetière ranks to-day not only as the first critic (such a statement would hardly cover the ground), but as the *only* critic of France. It is not our intention here to undervalue the gifts of other writers—the charm, the delicacy, the grace, evidenced, for instance, in the imitators of Sainte-Beuve, who dexterously skim the cream of a work here and there and dish up for us its quintessence; nor do we wish to deduct in the slightest from the talent of some dilettantes who, in a spirit of delightful conversation, entertain us with their personal feeling about men and things; still we must nevertheless make a distinction and place above all else what has been often called in a tone of disparagement the stern, inflexible literary principles of M. Brunetière. A philosopher and a historian, he puts the stamp of nobility on everything he touches, but he is never lacking in vitality or suggestiveness; and whatever else he may or may not do, he makes us *think*, a gift more rare than the ability to instruct.

M. Brunetière is not afflicted with that vanity which leads one to impose his views on others; his aim is rather to give the impetus to a rich and varied discussion. Neither does he seek to please. The Truth alone concerns him. Ardently and unswervingly he pursues her, uninfluenced alike by reputations already made or by public opinion, and ever carefully on guard against any prejudice aroused by his private preferences, never talking of himself, and quite free from that *camaraderie* which in many cases may hamper judgment. Has he spoken freely even of a king among poets like Victor Hugo, it is because his enthusiasm never blinds him to any shortcomings, and because he feels he must, with resolute hand, separate the chaff from the wheat. Has he been somewhat severe with the amusing and inoffensive Labiche, it is because he cannot bear to hear shortsighted people compare him with Molière. Baudelaire has found him merciless. Never would he sanction the serving up of odious

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maladies and a miscellaneous confusion of the mystic and the sensual under the pretext of symbolism. His æstheticism is reinforced by an unswerving ethical code. His originality, too, is of a freshness and a daring not often equaled. For all that, he is capable of the keenest sympathy, even for certain of his contemporaries. Does he not highly appreciate Loti and Daudet, Bourget and Vogüé? Was it not he who discovered Paul Hervieu? But he would count it against us if we were to point out all his likes and dislikes; his aim is that all should know that he always subjects his preferences to rigorous discipline. His decisions undergo, one might say, mathematical analysis. To prove this it is but necessary to read his "Manual of French Literature," founded on the Darwinian theory of evolution. This method of applying the laws of evolution to literature is a godsend to M. Brunetière, a support on which he has rested for twenty-five years, and nowhere has this theory yielded better results than in the above-mentioned book. In it he points out the origin and the principle of literary revolutions; the influence of one work on another, stronger even than the influence of race and of manner. He disproves the belief, commonly held, that the history of literature is simply the history of customs, and makes use of an ingenious division of time by epochs, replacing the ancient division by centuries and by species. Never, of course, does he overlook the transitional epochs which seem to exist in the history of literature, exactly as they exist in physiology and geology. He brings home to us in this way the kind of "genealogical law" which may be detected in works of art, none becoming a definite creation until different minds have successively tried to shape it. But what a wealth of erudition, what a surety of judgment, are necessary to handle such a method of investigation! It behooves the reader to peruse the "Manual" carefully, for every word counts, and the various divisions, each important in itself, are skillfully proportioned to the real worth of each work successively examined. M. Brunetière imagines the laying out of a geographical map (a very big one), the juxtaposition of the different parts and their relation to one another being taken into account. The wonder is that such a system, methodically carried out, does not result in a certain dryness, or even pedantry, but such is not the case; the extraordinary vitality with which this critic is endowed throbs and shines out in every page of his book. What he presented to the world as a simple manual—an aid to the memory—is really a masterpiece, worthy to be considered as a model in all countries.

M. Brunetière has to his credit some twenty volumes, studies and essays, all founded on the doctrine of evolution as applied to lyric poetry, the theater, fiction, etc. These works will live, and they will be referred to even by those who may not allow themselves to be convinced. We will not pretend, however, that in considering contemporary literature M. Brunetière does not at times allow passion to carry him away; but never does the fighting nature of the man, which is mingled in him with the mind of the logician, lead him to direct against individuals the powerful weapons which he hurls so energetically against tendencies and ideas. One never finds in him a trace of that pitiless wit which some other critics who have the reputation of being far less aggressive than he is, make use of without scruple. This does not imply that he is lacking in wit; his style is epigrammatical, paradoxical, evidencing mastery of all resources, and bordering sometimes on humor—almost the grim humor of the Puritans—and always directed with an ardor and impetuosity fatal in its directness. What he scorns, however, is the use of insidious and veiled attacks.

The more one reads M. Brunetière the more one is aware that he has met with great injustice from that portion of the public who do not take the trouble to understand although they may be compelled to respect him. Those who called him to account for his expressive denunciation of *the bankruptcy of science* did not care evidently to enter into his meaning, that through science alone it is impossible to realize all our hopes and satisfy all our ideals, as is promised by

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some who advocate, not only the welcome reign of science, but the reign of science on the ruins of everything else. He has also been reproached because of the war which he has waged against a certain form of realism, these accusers completely ignoring the fact that his maxim has ever been, "Art is nothing unless it be an exact imitation of nature." Backed by this view, he is free to deplore in Zola the lack of common cleanliness, and to point out to Flaubert that the picture of a pathological case, however exact and true to life the picture may be, although a masterpiece in its way, may still not be worthy to be called a masterpiece of the highest rank. Speak to him of George Eliot's realism, and he will indorse it without reservation, because in addition to realism there is also in her novels sociology, ethics—something quite different from the bare, brutal representation of the seamy side of life, stripped of all beauty, and yet complaisantly set forth as an example of the theory of "art for art's sake." M. Brunetière does not deny having moral prejudices; that is to say, the words conscience, duty, free will, have for him great significance; and in the midst of the flood of sensuality and bad taste which grows stronger every day, it is fortunate that this is so. He is the recognized leader of a repressive movement, and, like Kipling, M. Brunetière is an earnest advocate of energy, though his concern is with other than physical energy. No one has done more than he has done in setting aright the soul of French literature and maintaining its high standards in spite of the manifold causes conspiring to bear it down.

That he is at times more positive and absolute than may be necessary is doubtless true, but it is the privilege of a reformer to be positive and absolute; and skepticism, more or less agreeable, has now become so much a matter of course that we are grateful to him for taking a stand against it. However, no aspect of the spiritual life of his time is unknown to him. He is himself even strongly imbued with pessimism, but it is what one might call heroic pessimism, and this he justifies as a fault which may be turned to good use, since it is that which really stands for the principle of change —action, in other words; his scorn is rather directed against the helplessness which is the result of weak and intermittent despair. There are those of our own century who pretend to have invented pessimism; yet Pascal and Racine themselves achieved it long before; and right here it must be said that much of that which M. Brunetière excels in discovering in these men of the seventeenth century, which he prefers to all others, comes home very close to us in our time.

Where can one find anything fresher and more up to date than his observations on the epoch which marked the nationalization of French literature, when, in a passionate desire for freedom, it cast off foreign influences and broke away from the ancient Greek and Latin forms in which the racial characteristics could but imperfectly assert themselves? Perhaps to a foreigner, inadequately informed, our seventeenth century may seem to offer nothing more than a picture of the formal flower-beds and straight-edged walks of the majestic garden at Versailles; but he will be convinced of his error if he will but turn a listening ear to M. Brunetière's teaching. It was in the seventeenth century that the great lights of literature first sought to elevate popular taste to their level instead of disdaining the approbation of the people; and so, little by little, French literature has become socialistic, has sought to include all humanity "by expressing in a universal language truths that concern all mankind." M. Brunetière links himself with the seventeenth century by his taste for general ideas, clearness in thought, speech, and style, imperturbable good sense, and all the personal qualities which make up what was known in the time of La Bruyère as *an honest man*. He is also a Catholic, following in the steps of Bossuet; and his religion comes chiefly from his being essentially liberal. Let it not be supposed that we borrow from him a paradox. Liberalism in France has shifted about. To-day the sectarian spirit seems to manifest itself on the side of what but a short time ago was the side of freethought. Never led astray by mere words, M. Brunetière would not allow himself to be duped in this matter. Furthermore,

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he despises dilettanteism in religion as in everything else, and positively rejects certain compromises which have the tendency to reduce Christianity to the rank of philosophy, pure and simple. But we have not been able to discover that his most pronounced religious convictions, whatever they may be, have ever influenced his judgments as a critic, or that it has ever been shown that it was as a Catholic he judged Voltaire or Rousseau.

Not long ago some one who has been intimately acquainted with George Eliot was asked what Church George Eliot would have chosen for herself had she been sentenced to make a choice, and the answer came without the slightest hesitation, "The Catholic Church, because it is the most logical." So in the Catholicism of M. Brunetière logic plays an important part, as do also the love of order, of authority, respect for French traditions, the ancient treasure-house of which he endeavors to preserve intact, while hoping that it will continually be enriched. In this way he may be justly called classical, and yet for all that he is none the less liberal-minded, an open opponent of all cowardly concessions as of all narrow prejudices. His power lies in his complete disinterestedness. A man who asks for nothing but freedom of speech, who does not allow himself to be engulfed by any special coterie, is certainly one who deserves to be heard; and M. Brunetière is heard. However strictly conservative he may be when it is a question of preserving intact our national heritage, many centuries old, he opens wide a hospitable door in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," over which he rules, to the best that any other country may have to offer. Americans, whom he visited with so much intelligent sympathy, and for whom he always expresses such friendly feelings, recognized in him an incomparable lecturer; and they will be able to bear witness to this fact without further reminder.

Late Knowledge

By John White Chadwick

Lifting mine eyes unto the hills from whence
  My help doth come through the long summer days,
  They throng enfolded with the silvery haze
Which seems more spirit than a thing of sense;
And lo, a wonder!—that they borrow thence
  Clearness of outline: not the day-star's rays,
  Illusion spoiling with their ruthless blaze,
So fix each hill, sharp, separate, immense.

And when to my death-hallowed friends there clings
  A tender mist of unavailing tears,
That trembling veil such revelation brings
  As never life's full glare: straightway appears
Divinely clear, seen in that softened light,
What life's hard blaze had hidden from my sight.

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A REVIEW OF THE SEASON'S BOOKS

FICTION - BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE ESSAYS - POETRY - ART AND HOLIDAY BOOKS

F. C. G.

THE good old times when the books of a season could be put on a library table and examined at leisure have gone with the stage-coach, the saddle-bag, and the warming-pan. The magnitude and range of the publications of an autumn almost defy classification, and must be divided and subdivided in order to insure competent examination. It is a serious business which confronts the critic of serious intention when he faces a pile of biographies as high as the mantel, a group of books of essays which crowd an ample shelf, a stock of novels which make a library of decent size. There is still a profession of writing, and there is a considerable group of men who practice it with high-minded devotion and skill; there is also a trade of writing, and there is a crowd of men and women who carry it on with calculating shrewdness and prolific energy. The task of the wise reader and the intelligent critic is to discriminate between the book that grew out of insight, experience, and conviction, and the book that was manufactured for ready sale.

The writing of books is no longer in the hands of a few scholars addressing a small constituency of scholars; it is the profession of a small group of men and women elected by natural gifts to think as the wise think but to speak the universal language. This change of appeal from the suffrages of a class to the suffrages of all intelligent people, from an aristocracy to a democracy of readers, has made the opportunity for the demagogue in writing—the man who flatters by clothing commonplaces in a raiment of impressive words, or who thrills, as the cheap playwrights of Shakespeare's time thrilled their auditors, by imitation lightning and sheet-iron thunder, or who puts on magisterial robes, after the manner of the soothsayers, fortune-tellers, and quacks in all ages, and sells a cheap and shallow wisdom at popular prices.

The good and the bad have always thriven together in the same soil, and the wise reader will not turn his back on the books of a season because so many of them are manufactured and so few of them are born of that divine compulsion which has sent great works into the world in every generation. Real books are still written, even if great books do not appear twice a year in an orderly succession; and the wise reader will invite these books to become his companions, for we need the companionship of the wise in our own age quite as much as the fellowship of the great spirits of the past.

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FICTION

THE novels of the season are many and as various in degrees of excellence as in choice of subjects. The fact that the writing of fiction has become a trade with those who have acquired facility of composition without literary feeling or the conscience of the artist grows more apparent every spring and fall, when "goods in this line" are put forth in great quantities to meet the "demands of the market." That market is a prodigal but capricious consumer, with an apparently inexhaustible supply of inexperience; beguiled by cheap and pretentious humbug, and a prey to vulgar impositions of many kinds. It is subject to a curious kind of vertigo, and loses all consciousness of literary values on the slightest provocation; it is also subject to waves of emotion, and is swept off its feet by the fashion of the hour, the fad of the moment. Let its attention be arrested by two or three really good semi-historical novels, and the "market" will take nothing for months but stories of a historical nature, and will be speedily glutted with cheap goods made by the piece and sold by the yard. Let two or three good dialect stories appear, and straightway the "market" speaks only dialects. Let the good man succumbing to a great temptation be the theme of a powerful novel, and within two months the "market" will resound with the crash of falling virtue. Success in any kind of fiction secured by the real writer is instantly imitated by the commercial writers who study the market and make the goods in demand at the moment.

All this is true, and explains and condemns a multitude of stories; but it is not the whole truth. In every season there are a few stories of high excellence, and many that are honestly and well written. Works of genius are rare in any period, but works of talent have become very numerous; and the average of excellence in writing was never so high as at present. The tone of American fiction of the better class remains thoroughly sane and wholesome. So far the fiction of the decadent school has had little effect on American writers, and there are no signs that its principles and methods are gaining ground. There is a growing reaction against its nudities and brutalities in Europe, and the period of contagion seems to have been safely passed by this country. It is an open question whether art does not lose far more than it gains by casting aside that reticence with which nature herself heightens her effects and touches her mysteries with spiritual suggestiveness; it is quite certain that life gains greatly in sweetness and sanity and real strength by respecting the privacy of certain aspects of experience and by steadily refusing to accept the authority of morbid experience.

Foremost among the serious and sincere novels of the season must be placed Mr. Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot," which has appeared serially during the present year in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly," and upon which The Outlook has made editorial comment. Mr. Herrick is a young man, a graduate of Harvard, and a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. He is coming to his own by the good, old-fashioned way of thorough apprenticeship. His earlier novels, "The Gospel of Freedom," "The Web of Life,"

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EDITH RICKERT

"The Real World," were not widely read, but were full of first-hand observation and of genuine feeling for the realities of life. Two short stories, "The Man Who Wins" and "Their Child," showed a grim determination to face the facts of life without flinching and to tell the truth about them without evasion. In all these books there was a sense of artistic responsibility and a thoroughness of workmanship which revealed the temper and training of the man of letters as contrasted with the haste and carelessness of the throng of "incurable amateurs" who write fiction. "The Common Lot" (Macmillan) touches the life of to-day in this country with the steady, relentless, healing hand of the surgeon who will not be misled by the desire to please or the temptation to conform. There is no "playing to the galleries" in it; it is sincere, honest, thorough work from cover to cover. The place of action is Chicago; the chief actors, a capable but morally immature young architect and his clear-sighted, high-minded, noble-hearted wife; the motive, the corrupting power of the

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEN-YUSUF

ROBERT HERRICK

passion for making money rapidly, the moral disintegration involved in acceptance of commercial standards instead of eternal principles, the blighting of the art impulse by the desire to "get on." The story includes a wide range of character and presents a study of social conditions which for uncompromising fidelity to fact and distinctness of insight has few companion pieces in American fiction. The sense of moral values is keen and true throughout, and in this sureness of touch no less than in skill in character-drawing is found the artistic value of a piece of fiction which is not only an achievement but a prophecy. "The Common Lot" is a deeply interesting and moving story; somber in the decline of character and capacity which it records, bracing in the moral recovery in which it culminates.

Mr. Robert Grant is not a writer of force or originality, but he is a student of social life, who has more than once touched certain phases of the society of the time with a firm and caustic hand; he is a trained writer with a genuine respect for his art, and he has a good deal of literary skill. In "Unleavened Bread" he showed uncommon clearness and definiteness of insight, a sound sense of moral values, and skill at once delicate and firm in character-drawing; the story belongs with the best dramatic studies of current social conditions. "The Undercurrent" (Scribner) has the same sincerity of spirit, the same seriousness of purpose. It is the most careful and thoroughgoing study of the divorce question yet made by an American novelist. The scene of action is a thriving New England town, and the main current of the story is fed by two or three contributory rivulets which flow from the same source—the conception of marriage as a contract to be dissolved whenever either party begins to feel its obligations too onerous or tiresome. The complexities and perplexities of free-and-easy divorce are dramatically developed as the plot develops, and the essential immorality of the loose and shallow conception of marriage clearly brought out. Mr. Grant states the three positions on the divorce question clearly and at length; there is, in fact, too much discussion in the story for the highest dramatic effectiveness. He states also his own position, which lies between the two extremes, with a leaning towards breadth rather than rigidity of construction of the marriage bond. He protests against the lack of uniformity in State legislation on this subject, but he marries his hero to a woman who has secured a divorce on the ground of desertion. The attitude of the story will satisfy

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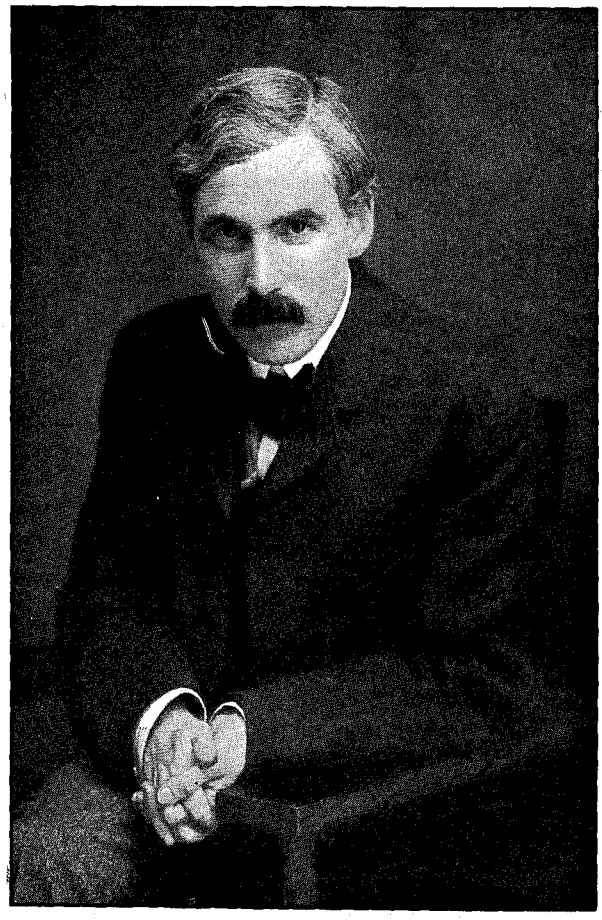
neither those who hold that marriage is indissoluble or dissoluble for one cause only, nor those who hold that it is a purely civil contract dissoluble at the convenience of either party upon proper or improper notice; it does not rise quite to the height of a really great subject. As a novel it is a very capable piece of work—sincere, serious, and carefully worked out.

It is a very pretty and an entirely characteristic coil in which Mr. Henry James involves five people chiefly in "The Golden Bowl" (Scribner), and he fills two volumes in a subtle, complicated, and sinuous endeavor to extricate them from a mesh which no hand less adroit can have woven about them. The story is in Mr. James's later manner—the manner of "The Wings of the Dove;" a manner charged, it need hardly be said, with the fullest subtleties of the literary art, mastered by infinite patience and practiced with consummate skill—a skill compounded of rare psychological insight and of extraordinary feeling for the values of words. Indeed, the story may be best described as a study in values—Italian, American, and English. Mr. James divines those manifold differences of inheritance, religion, and training which are the most deep-going and perplexing results of long periods of diverse history; and what he divines with marvelous keenness he records with kindred skill. As a piece of artistic work "The Golden Bowl" is a marvel of subtle adroitness; it deserves to be ranked with those achievements which lie within the reach of the master craftsman alone. As a piece of fiction, as a work of literature pure and simple, it has grave defects; it is too circuitous, too heavily laden with description, comment, and suggestion; the analysis is carried so far and pressed so hard that the current of the story is hindered and the larger lines are lost in a mass of detail. The reader feels at times as if he were in the labyrinth at Hampton Court; he knows that he can be seen from the little tower and heard if he calls, that the big, real world is but a few steps distant; but he is bewilderingly aware also that he may not escape into the open for hours. And yet Mr. James can write such English as this: "It had been a turning of the page of the book of life—as if a leaf long inert had moved at a touch, and, eagerly reversed, had made such a stir of the air as had sent up into his face the very breath of the Golden Isles."

Mr. Nelson Lloyd is a new writer and a very promising one. His story, "The Soldier of the Valley" (Scribner), which has appeared in the pages of "Scribner's Magazine," is as delight-



NORMAN DUNCAN

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ful a piece of fiction as American readers have had in their hands for a long time past. The scene of action is a valley in southern Pennsylvania, and its chief actor a young man who returns from the campaign in Cuba a cripple, is received as a hero by the people of the valley, and, after a brief and elusive romance, settles down to the quiet life of a country schoolmaster, with his open fire, his books, his dogs, and the companionship of the hills. There is no plot and the materials are slight; but there is charm, humor, poetry, in the telling. The book comes very near being literature, so individual is its quality, so free, light, and flexible its style. The quietness and homeliness of its subject matter and background give it not only a refreshing restfulness, but distinctness and charm to its illustration of the quiet life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson's "The Flower of Youth" (Harper) is also a story of sentiment, developed without any pressure from events, and depending for its interest largely on the skill and charm with which the idealism of romantic love is conveyed. It is the record of the love of a man for his wife, against a background of conditions removed only by a shade from poverty. It is in the vein of "Prue and I" and "The Reveries of a Bachelor," and may be regarded as their most recent analogue. The manner is gay, humorous, but full of latent tenderness, and that wholesome sweetness of nature which has made Mr. Gilson's interpretations of childhood so appealing.

The reader is aware of a change of surroundings but hardly of tone when he lays down these charming stories and opens "The House of Fulfillment" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), by the writer who calls herself George Madden Martin, and whose biography of "Emmy Lou" was so widely read last year for its naïve freshness, its quaint and homely humor, the touch of the immortal freshness of childhood in it. In the later story there are some very interesting children whose imaginations are as active as their bodies, and two or three older people whose capacity for romance has not been exhausted and who make the hardness and frivolity of some of their companions more oppressive. The story is a romance somewhat loosely constructed and, in places, loosely written; there are touches of immaturity in it; it is, however, a fresh, unhackneyed piece of work, both interesting and promising.

Miss Anne D. Sedgwick's "Paths of Judgement" (Century Company), on the other hand, is a highly sophisticated study of character, subtle, searching, and full of touches at once firm and delicate on the complexities of life. Miss Sedgwick is quite as much at

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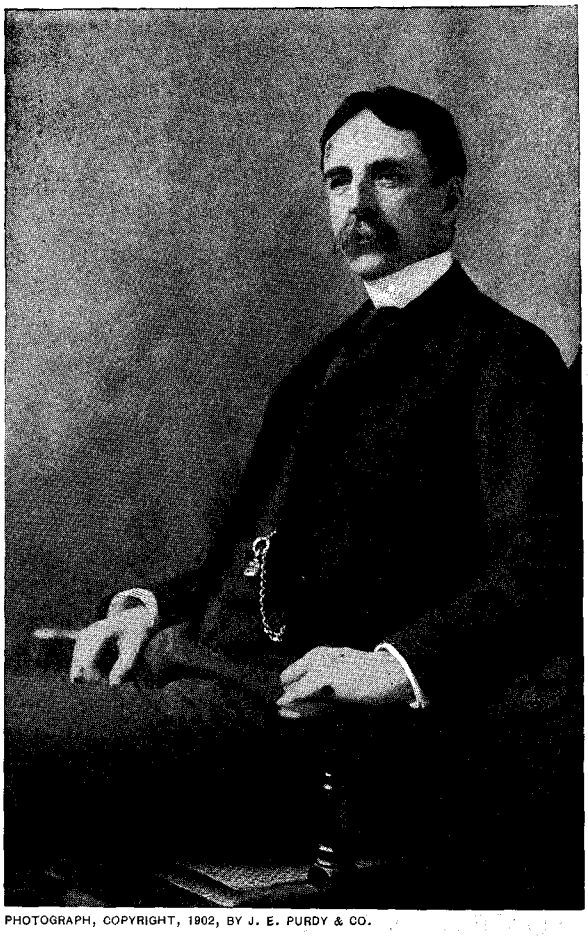
ease in using the psychological method as Mrs. Wharton, and she gives one the feeling of owing more to nature and less to training than the author of "The Valley of Decision." Her precision, definiteness of analysis, and quiet air of authority are unusual in so young a writer, and her dramatic feeling is deeper and more pervasive than her power of analysis and ethical insight. There are four leading characters in this story, and they are sharply differentiated from one another by the most delicate adjustments of action to character, the clearest unfolding of individuality in the most elusive as well as the most obvious ways, the firmest working out of character in destiny. Under the charm and refinement of this book, the old truth that what a man sows he shall also reap is revealed in experience with searching skill. "Paths of Judgement" is an exceptional story, alike in the high quality of its insight, the dramatic element which pervades it, and the deftness and exactness of its style. It will add to the author's reputation.



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ROBERT GRANT

The same fidelity to the fact of experience is found in Miss Edith Rickert's new story, "The Reaper" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), but the materials of the story are more homely and the method simpler and broader. A story told with more color and feeling is not likely to come into any reader's hands this season; it is a thousand miles away from the hardness and dryness of the deterioration of life under the spell of commercialism as interpreted in "The Common Lot." The story has its being in the Shetland Islands, and its chief actors are of the old Norse blood with a little infusion of the Scotch. The hero of the story is one of those silent poets who appear from time to time among all peoples and who are most numerous in the races which feed in childhood on the stories of heroic ancestors. Terval Saemundson is related by his imagination to those virile Norsemen who made the Sagas and dared the fury of the northern seas; but he has the steadiness of spirit, the capacity for self-sacrifice, of the most patient plodder in the fields. His dreams are realized in the end not by adventure and sharing in great deeds, but in the peaceful fruit of long self-forgetfulness. The story is beautiful in its simplicity of motive, the wealth of emotion and humor in quiet and homely lives which it reveals, the extraordinary feeling for nature which steeps it in poetry.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Youth of Washington" (Century Company) does not belong with fiction in form or in material; but it may very properly

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be classed with works of imagination. Dr. Mitchell has done many difficult things well, but nothing which he has attempted has presented greater difficulties than the endeavor to make Washington tell his own story in such a way as to convey a clear impression of his temperament and character. This quasi-autobiography may be open to criticism at some points, but its interest is undeniable, and it carries conviction with it chapter by chapter. The reader is persuaded that if Washington had kept a record of his youth it would have tallied very closely with this record. The directness of the style, the modesty of nature combined with great firmness, the innate dignity of character, the exacting sense of duty, the lack of imagination—these traits and qualities are not labeled and enumerated; they are wrought into the style. It is the apparently unconscious revelation of himself by Washington which gives this unique work its value and its distinction; for "The Youth of Washington" is an achievement which lay within reach only of a man with a touch of the divining power of genius.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

NELSON LLOYD

Mr. Crawford has a genius for story-telling. Nature has endowed him with an imagination of inexhaustible fertility and with the constructive faculty as well. He always has a plot in his mind, and he has become an expert craftsman. He has written so much that the unusual quality of his work as a teller of stories is often overlooked by people who take it for granted that he is simply an extraordinarily clever literary mechanic. "Whosoever Shall Offend" (Macmillan) is a fresh example of his fertility of resource. This is an old-fashioned romance of love and crime, but there is nothing mechanical about it; it gives us no sense of weariness on the part of the writer. On the contrary, it is fresh in invention and treatment, and conveys an impression of reserves which have not been drawn upon. Those who know Mr. Crawford know that he has a capital of plots and characters in his memory which he could not exhaust in a century. This is also a Roman story, but it is as unlike the Roman stories that have preceded it as if it came from another hand. It is a graphic, dramatic story of novel plot and of great interest.

"The Affair at the Inn" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the joint work of three friends, but the stamp of Mrs. Riggs's freshness of invention and gayety of mood pervade it to such a degree as almost to justify those skeptics who hinted, in the beginning, that collaboration was only a skillful device. It is, however, a joint product of Scotch and American brains, and is so quick and bright a piece of international workmanship as to furnish a wholly new argument for the substitution of the rivalries of peace for those of war. The scene of action is Devonshire; the dramatis personæ, a quick-witted American girl and her much slower-witted mother, an attractive Scotch girl, an elderly Scotch woman greatly lacking in imag-

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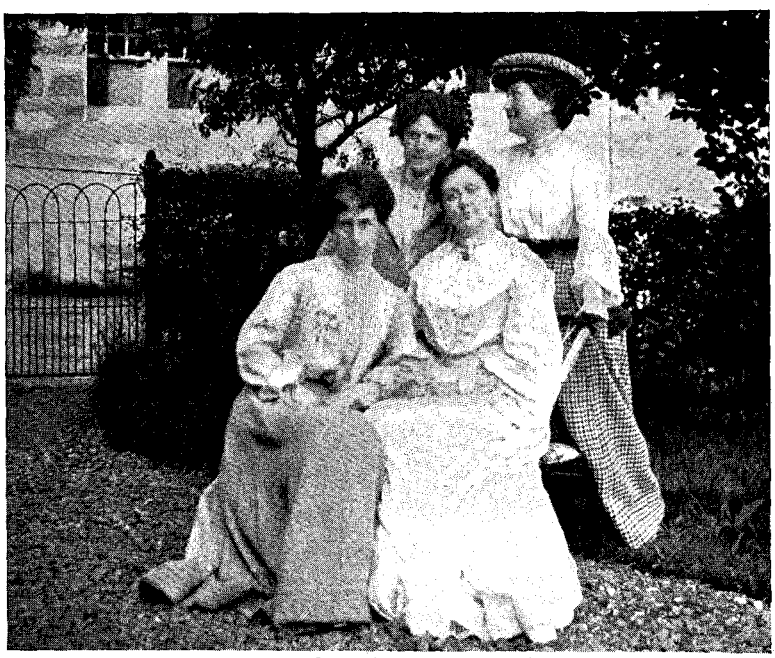
ination, and a slow, capable, fine-grained young Scotchman, whose fate it is to be promptly and permanently entangled in the meshes of the American girl; the *deus ex machina* is an automobile. Given a quiet inn and some good, old-fashioned bad weather and the course of events in this lively tale can be predicted to a certainty; but the cleverness of the devices, the brightness of the talk, the fun that runs through this sparkling comedy, cannot possibly be foreseen.

Mr. Howells's stories vary greatly in value and interest, but they are always written with the skill of a trained man of letters who respects his art and practices it for the highest ends. "The Son of Royal Langbrith" (Harper) has more movement and incident than most of its predecessors. It presents a series of complications which may fairly be said to constitute a plot, and its central motive is a very interesting moral problem which is treated with great breadth and intelligence. Royal Langbrith is an unscrupulous scoundrel of great business ability, who leads a double life, abuses his wife, cheats one of his best friends out of the rewards of his inventive ability and then drives him out of business and into the opium habit, gives the town in which he lives a library, and dies a philanthropist. His son grows up with an ideal of his father which becomes the dominant note in his life, and his mother never has the courage to tell him the truth. Many complications result from this situation, and the question whether evil that is past ought to be revealed is very dramatically treated. The style of the story is somewhat rough in places, as if Mr. Howells were striving to deal close at hand with the rugged or homely types of character presented; and the novel must be counted one of the strongest pieces of work that has come of late years from the hand of one of the most accomplished men of letters in America.



Mary Findlater Allan McAulay
Jane Findlater Kate Douglas Wiggin

THE AUTHORS OF "THE AFFAIR AT THE INN"

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GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"The Ladder of Swords" (Harper) lacks something of the brilliancy of "Seats of the Mighty" and "The Lane that Had No Turning," but it is a characteristic piece of work—a romance of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the hero and heroine fleeing from the Isle of Jersey to the English court, being thrown in contact there with Leicester and finding refuge in the friendship of the Queen. The tale is well supplied with incident, and the interest of the reader is not permitted to flag from beginning to end.

In "Players and Vagabonds" (Macmillan) Miss Roseboro presents a group of studies of actors and actresses, with glimpses of the world of the stage at close range. The stories are of very uneven quality, but the incidents are out of the common, and there is enough of the glamour of the stage on the men and women who figure in them to give the book unusual interest.

Mrs. Thurston's "The Masquerader" (Harper) is a romance which must be read in the spirit in which one reads the stories of Dumas; that is to say, for the enjoyment of the tale and the interest of the plot, without any attempt to measure up the happenings in the book with reality or even with probability. The story is somewhat like "The Prisoner of Zenda" in that its chief motive is a resemblance between two persons so close that there is an exchange of personalities between them. The plot is worked up with great skill; for Loder, who takes the place of Chilcote, has an opportunity of distinguishing himself in Parliament and makes the most of it. The account of his experiences in the House of Commons and his dealing with the leader of his party is graphic and very interesting. The story has no moral because it lies outside the region of morals, and it is absurd to discuss it from the ethical point of view; but if it is read as one reads the Arabian Nights, it is an engrossing piece of work, and its popularity in England is easily understood.

In "Captains of the World" (Macmillan) Miss Overton has written a vigorous novel dealing with the question of the labor union; the chief figure being a labor union leader, whose general balance, dignity, and many admirable qual-

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ities suggest Mr. John Mitchell. The point of view of the labor unions is presented with dramatic force in this story, in which the ins and outs of a great strike are vividly described.

In "The River's Children" (Century Company) Mrs. Stuart has written a tale which has an epical quality. It is the story of a little girl who disappears in the great catastrophe of the war, and is brought up by two negroes who retain their loyalty to her father and mother. The scene of the tale is the banks of the Mississippi, and Mrs. Stuart has introduced very effectively negro songs about the river and negro comments upon it, some of them strikingly imaginative and poetic. The story has the charm of humor and pathos which never fails the author, but it would have been strengthened by cutting off the ending.

KATHERINE C. THURSTON

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is so very good when he is at his best that one almost resents his publishing, as he sometimes does, romances that are inferior to his own highest attainment. To illustrate: "The Children of the Mist," "The River," and "Some Everyday Folks" (short stories of Devonshire life), are in the first class—on an equality with the work of Blackmore or Hardy; "The Golden Fetich" is deplorably bad—cheap melodrama; "The American Prisoner" and Mr. Phillpotts's new story, "The Farm of the Dagger," on the other hand, are so strangly compounded of his best and his worst that the reader at one moment deeply admires, the next feels as profound disappointment. "The Farm of the Dagger" at times has all that appreciation of nature, that love of subject and chosen countryside, that subtle study of character, that racy rendering of rustic humor, which put the author in the first class of English living fiction writers; but at other times the melodramatic, the exaggerated, and the unnatural are undeniably and unpleasantly in evidence. Like "The American Prisoner," this story tells of the great Dartmoor prison, in which not only French but American captives were confined, and of the escape of an American prisoner. Despite this partial similarity in subject and plot, the two books differ widely in many ways, and if we

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cannot place "The Farm of the Dagger" in the front rank of its author's literary work, it may be said that it has passages of somber power and curious glimpses of bygone Devonshire customs and traditions. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

With "Manassas" Mr. Upton Sinclair enters upon a proposed trilogy of historical novels dealing with the Civil War. Here he covers the period beginning some years before the John Brown raid and ending with the Battle of Bull Run (Manassas). The author has evidently absorbed avidly the more popular literature of the subject—by which we mean newspaper articles, pamphlets, political speeches, the propaganda of abolition, the pro-slavery sermons, the printed incidents of cruelty, the published evidence of every kind evincing the sectional distrust and turbulent feeling that foreran and foreshadowed a bloody war. In the main the view offered is that of the extreme anti-slavery element in the North—presented, however, through the medium of a Southern boy who has been led to hate slavery by a speech of Frederick Douglass and a talk with him, and by some frightful cruelties that come under his own observation. It should be added that there is a sincere attempt, sometimes but not always successful, to give the arguments and feelings of the Southern better element. The objection may be made that a book of this kind has a tendency to stir up bad feeling and to revive forgotten animosities. On the other hand, no one can deny to it vigor, notable ability in "visualizing" dramatic scenes, and a rapid and eager narrative style. Many will dislike the book; few will leave it unfinished, once begun. (Macmillan.)

Forcefulness, originality to the point of strangeness, thrill in story-interest—these are the salient qualities in Mr. London's "The Sea-Wolf" (Macmillan). The book grips the reader's attention at the outset, and holds it unflinchingly to the end. An elegant and leisurely literary gentleman is thrown into the clutches of a brutal and merciless captain of a sealing schooner, is made by him to perform menial work, helpless to hinder the murderous and hateful savagery of this "sea-wolf," but is educated through events and love to courage, endurance, and self-rescue. All this is startlingly out of the beaten path of fiction. One sickens at the excess of brutality; and the closing chapters, in which love, escape, and adventure on a lonely seal-island are the incidents, form a welcome relief. In virile strength the tale (it is neither romance nor novel) is perhaps superior to any of the author's previous work, but in art and in what we call, for lack of a better word, "atmosphere," it is by no means on a level with "The Call of the Wild." Wolf Larsen, who unites in a singular fashion the wild viciousness of an ugly animal that hates its kind with a passion for study and reading, who in one hour kills or horribly maltreats an inferior and in the next discusses Browning or Herbert Spencer, is a character that interests but does not convince. One feels that Wolf lives, and can live, only in the author's brain; his reality as a creation never impresses itself on the imagination; the dog in "The Call of the Wild" is vastly more real and even human than this paradoxical monstrosity.

In "Christmas Eve on Lonesome" (Scribner) Mr. John Fox, Jr., gathers up several of his best tales about the Kentucky monntaineers. No one has better appreciated the romantic and dramatic aspects of the mountain life than Mr. Fox. These stories are intensely human. A word should be said as to the real beauty of the color illustrations, which, with the attractive cover, make the volume a worthy holiday gift.

Readers of The Outlook need no introduction to Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Mountains." In this and its companion, "The Forest" (both written expressly for serial publication in The Outlook), Mr. White may be said to have hit upon a new type of book—one that lies on the line between fiction and narrative, that combines the interest of actual personal adventure with the attraction of humor and character as usually brought out in fiction. The latter element is seen at its best, for instance, in the capital chapter on "The Tenderfoot," and that on "Cowboys." The journey in California that led to

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this book was over hard trails and almost unexplored regions. Mr. White not only puts life and dash into his record of incident and achievement, he tells also "how to do it"—to equip a party, to camp and cook intelligently, to manage and load horses and mules, to fish and hunt. Moreover, no one can doubt his love for nature and perception of the beauty and poetry of out-of-doors who will read his chapter, "The Lure of the Trail." In short, the book is manly, instructive, and entertaining. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Mr. Kipling's latest book of tales may not be, as a whole, his very best, but it contains one example, at least, of his finest writing—the tender and delicately written story of the ghost-children called "They." This is in a vein rarely used by the author in the past—the nearest approach to it that one thinks of is "The Brushwood Boy"—but we hope he may more often employ it in the future, if only as a charming contrast to his more abrupt and rough-and-ready (brutal, some call it) method, exemplified here by his stories of the British navy, some of which are almost cryptic in their indirectness, and compare far from favorably in humor and force with "Soldiers Three," to which they in a way form a counterpart. There are also tales of the Boer War, and a not-before-printed chapter, "The Army of a Dream," in both of which Mr. Kipling is admonitory, ironical, and a bit patronizing. "Traffics and Discoveries" is the apt title of the book, which is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., and appears simultaneously in the collective "Outward Bound" edition of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Like Miss Rickert, whose Shetland Island romance is spoken of elsewhere in this article, Mr. Norman Duncan has a fine and true sense of the mystery and poetry of the sea. His formerly published stories have shown also a genuine, earnest interest in humanity, warm sympathy with suffering and courage, and ability to clothe his thoughts and fancies in graceful literary dress. "Doctor Luke of the Labrador" is an advance upon this earlier work in that it has more completeness in construction and more thoroughness in character study. There is strong work here, and particularly it may be said that the pathos rings true. The fisher folk on the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts have been lovingly studied by the author in their simplicity, ruggedness, patience, and quaintness. On every hand there are incidents of tragedy and suffering, but also instances of heroism and faith. Mr. Duncan brings out the local color with charm as well as truth, and touches the reader's feelings gently and sincerely. The humor is not, we think, as successful as the other phases of the book, but about this opinions may differ. (The F. H. Revell Company.)

There are several among the many novels of the last few months already reviewed in The Outlook, mention of which should not be omitted in any survey of the season's work in fiction. Thus, "Sabrina Warham," by Mr. Laurence Housman (Macmillan), is to be praised for its serious study of character, its faithful rendering of a remote English district, and its strong handling of a perplexing moral and social problem. The late Mr. Scott (H. S. Merriman) in "The Last Hope" (Scribners) tells a clear-cut and vigorous story about one of the many claimants to the throne of France. Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Truants" (Harpers) is another bit of direct, forcible story-telling, with the scene partly in Africa, where fine use for fictional purposes is made of the French Foreign Legion—its courage, hardships, and heroism. Mr. Luther's "The Mastery" (Macmillan) is notable as a study of political intrigue and of the clash of character resulting therefrom. It deals with supposed political conditions in New York State, and more or less futile attempts have been made by reviewers to identify its characters with actually living New York notables. The fact that Mr. Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) has been or is to be translated into nine languages gives an idea of the universality of the shrewdness, humor, and character of the "self-made merchant." John Oxenham's "Hearts in Exile" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a strong story of Siberian experience, with an original and intense situation.

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POETRY

THE late summer and autumn have placed in the hands of readers who care for poetry of a serious kind and of real excellence several volumes which are worthy of careful attention. There are many books of fairly well written verse in these days, but there are few books of poetry; and if readers have grown shy of the page which is written in meter, they are not wholly responsible for a decline of interest due, to a very considerable extent, to lack of the writing which fosters and freshens the love of poetry. In this issue The Outlook comments on five books which reveal poetic feeling and the sense of form, reserving for more extended comment Mr. William V. Moody's "The Fire-Bringer" and Dr. Henry van Dyke's "Music and Other Poems."

MRS. MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest drama, "The Sin of David" (Macmillan), is less poetic than "Paola and Francesca" and more coherent and dramatic than "Ulysses." The time of action is the early years of the Commonwealth. Sir Herbert Lisle, Commander of the Parliamentary forces, falls in love with the wife of Colonel Mardyke, at whose house he makes his headquarters. Mardyke is a stern, unbending Puritan; Miriam, his wife, "born in the sun's lap," has imagination, passion, devotion, and is rebuffed at every turn by a husband who neither cares nor understands. It is in this strained situation and while Miriam is in this mood of revolt against the dull gray of her life, and ready to say,

> I would rather drench
> my soul in sin
> So I might feel this fire
> and grip this glory,
> The color and the bloom
> and the music of life,

Lisle comes, sees her and is enthralled;

> . . . then suddenly
> Thy beauty like a tempest fell on me;
> And in one moment was I rent and riven.
> Stunned is my life; I wander, and I grope.
> My voice in the council falters; in mid-act
> This lifted arm falls at thy floating face.
> They waver like to mist the ranks of war,
> They waver and fade; he fades, the armèd man,
> And spurring armies in a vision dash.

Then comes a chance to send Mardyke to lead a desperate charge; he falls, and Miriam and Lisle in due time marry. On the fifth anniversary of Mardyke's death Lisle is summoned to battle, from which he returns to be met by the news that his child is

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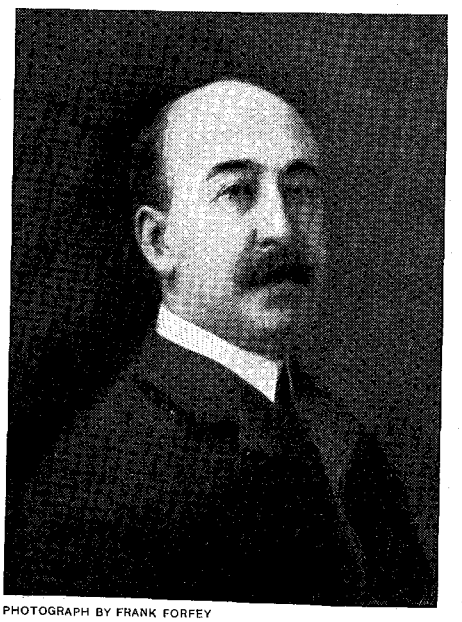
dead. He exclaims in bitterness of heart:

The sin of David mine, and mine the doom!
Would I had feared the death I sought with passion,
There in the storm of swords round Pomfret hall!

The play rises to a fine climax of repentance and reconciliation:

Dear, in a deeper union are we bound
Than by the earthly touch of him, or voice
Human, or little laughters in the sun.
We by bereavement henceforth are betrothed,
Folded by aspirations unfulfilled,
And clasped by irrecoverable dreams;
Last, by one hope more deep than certainty,
That though the child shall not return to us,
Yet shall we two together go to him.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK FORFEY

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

"The Sin of David" shows an advance in dramatic power, but it is doubtful if Mr. Phillips is ever to cross the line which separates talent of high order from genius. So far his work has given no impression of deep compulsion within his own spirit; only once or twice, as in the passionate outbreak of the childless woman in "Paola and Francesca," has he struck a great tragic note. But short of the highest reaches of dramatic writing Mr. Phillips has gained a secure place. He has rare gifts of imagination and of inspiration. His plays are not simply dramas in verse; they are poetic plays, full of feeling, of insight, of charm. He takes his art seriously and holds himself loyal to its tradition at a time when many have sold their poetic birthright for the pottage of popularity.

The fourth volume of "The Pipes of Pan" is in the key of the early books. Its title, "Songs from a Northern Garden" (L. C. Page & Co.), suggests its atmosphere and the landscape of the several poems. Mr. Carman returns for his themes and largely for his inspiration to the country he knows best. "In a Grand Pré Garden" is typical of the thought and feeling of the collection:

And this thing called Life, which frets us like a fever without name,
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can tame,
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in perfect flame,—

What it is I know not; only I know they and I are one,
By the lure that bids us linger in the great House of the Sun,
By the fervor that sustains us at the door we cannot shun.

A lyric poet over whose imagination the mystery of nature hovers continually, Mr. Carman has not touched many themes, but has made his readers feel again and again the intimate, enfolding companionship of nature, expressed not only in its far-reaching spiritual implications, but in kinship with the lowliest flowers that bloom at the doorstep. Unlike many nature poets of the day, he rarely describes with particularity. His phrases are often singularly fresh and apt, but his strength lies in the skill with which he makes us aware of the secret forces that anchor us in nature, and of the mysterious and baffling meaning of the vast order that enfolds us. Mr. Carman interprets life in the light of nature, and sings in this active and arduous age like a poet who has strayed from the Arcadian fields and has no converse save with his pipe and the world of wind and sea and forest. His philosophy of life is reverent fellowship with nature, and he often interprets it with alluring freshness and freedom. Here is a typical instance of this mood:

O fellows, I have known it long;
For joy of life turn in with me;

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We bivouac with peace to-night,
And good-by to the brawling sea.

You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of noon.

A mile or two we follow in
This racy streak through forest gloom,
Then for the ample orchard slopes
And all the earth one snowy bloom.

In Mrs. Mary Thacher Higginson's slender volume, "The Playmate Hours" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a different note is struck, and the approach to nature is made from another side. A singular harmony pervades this collection of poems and makes them seem like variations of a single theme. They are poems of sentiment, of personal emotion, of nature as it relates itself to and interprets human experience. The tone throughout is consistently intimate, tender, and aspiring. One feels in it the refinement of a woman of high ideals, the deep-seated passion for the things in life and nature which correspond most closely to the highest ideals of devotion, conduct, and thought. The style is clear, pure, and full of that instinctive restraint which goes a long way toward art. The feeling for nature is sensitive and the descriptions admirably phrased to convey the impression on the writer's imagination. The poems disclose the presence of a delicate fancy, and, within their range, reveal sound workmanship. The simplicity, refinement, and sentiment of this collection are shown in these lines on "The Hermit Thrush:"

Behind this leafy screen
Which keeps the world away,
A forest bird unseen
To music sets one lay.

. . . . . .

Sometimes his voice is mute;
He ponders things divine;
Then sounds his magic flute,
And makes the woods a shrine.

He chants of life above,
This realm that mortals know;
He dreams of purer love
Than human souls bestow.

O priest and choir in one!
Still lend to earth thy wings,
And show beneath the sun
One heart that soars and sings.

No poet of the day has treated his art with greater deference than Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, whose "Lyrics of Joy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) follows after a long interval his earlier volumes. The characteristic qualities of all these volumes are simplicity, sincerity of feeling, a distinct musical gift, and deft and thorough workmanship. Mr. Sherman writes as one who would, first of all, please himself—an admirable attitude for an artist in any profession. There is no imitation in his work, but it is easy to associate him with Mr. Aldrich, of whose work he has written with warm sympathy and insight. No more charming tribute has been paid to the older poet than that which appears in this volume:

Then Aldrich—like a thrush
In the dawn's flush,
Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

If the reader sometimes fails to find in Mr. Sherman's verse that touch of dewy freshness which is the ultimate felicity of the poet, he fails to find sincerity, genuineness, and sound technique; he often finds melody, charm, and beauty of phrase. Mr. Sherman is a lyric poet in the strictest sense; his poems almost always suggest songs; many of them are songs. The themes are such as inspire song: love, glimpses of nature with the color of human moods and experiences in it, pathetic incidents—like the survival of the Greek tear-bottle when the girl whose tears it caught has long been dust—delicate fancies. The singing quality in these poems, which reminds one of Mr. Aldrich, and of all the singers from Herrick's time, is present in a characteristic poem entitled "On Some Buttercups:"

A little way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in—
Ah, how I envy them!

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair and tender eyes.

There, in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest,
They think her breath the gentle wind
And tremble on her breast.

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell.

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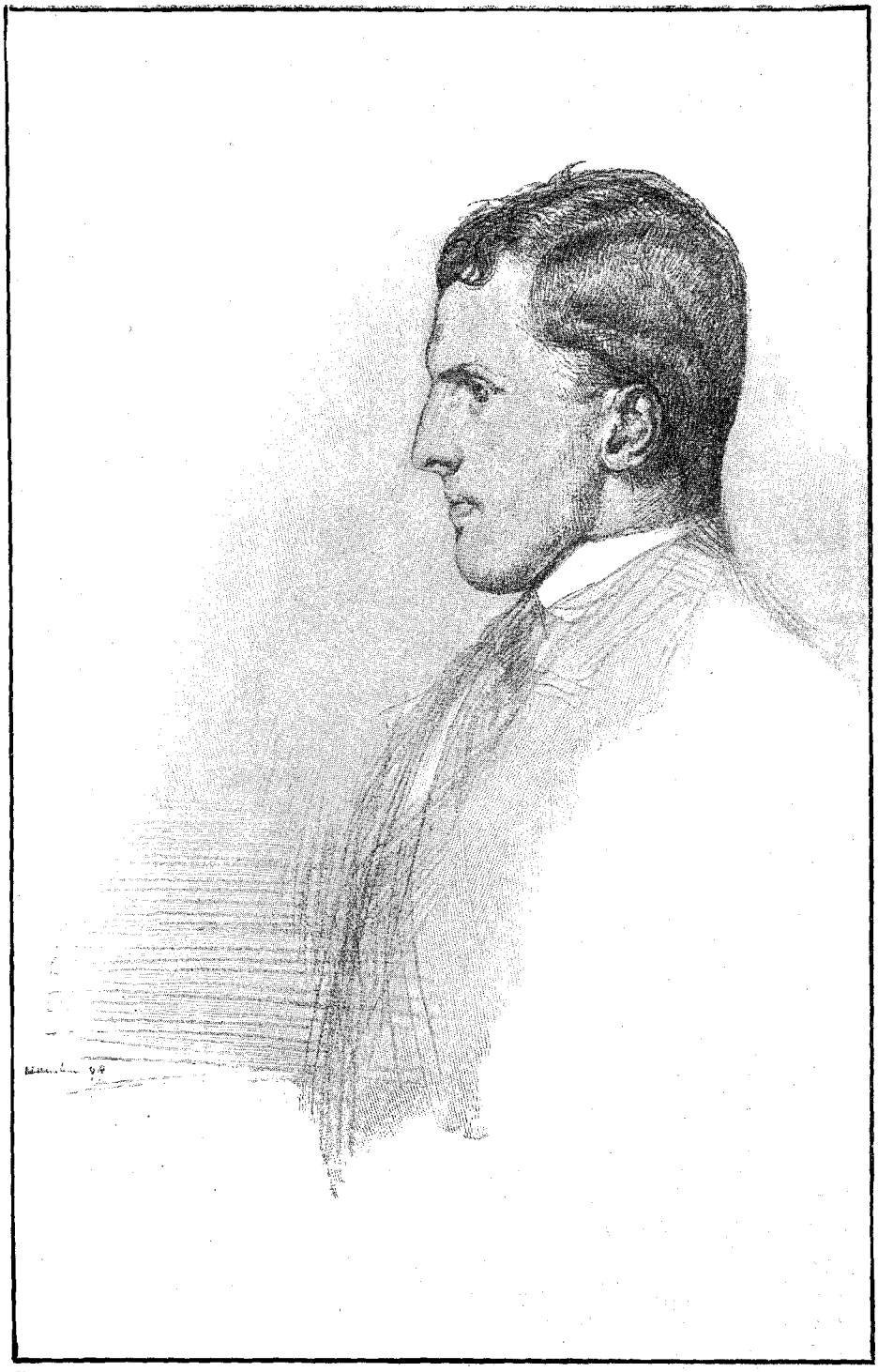

FROM A LITHOGRAPH PORTRAIT BY ROTHENSTEIN

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

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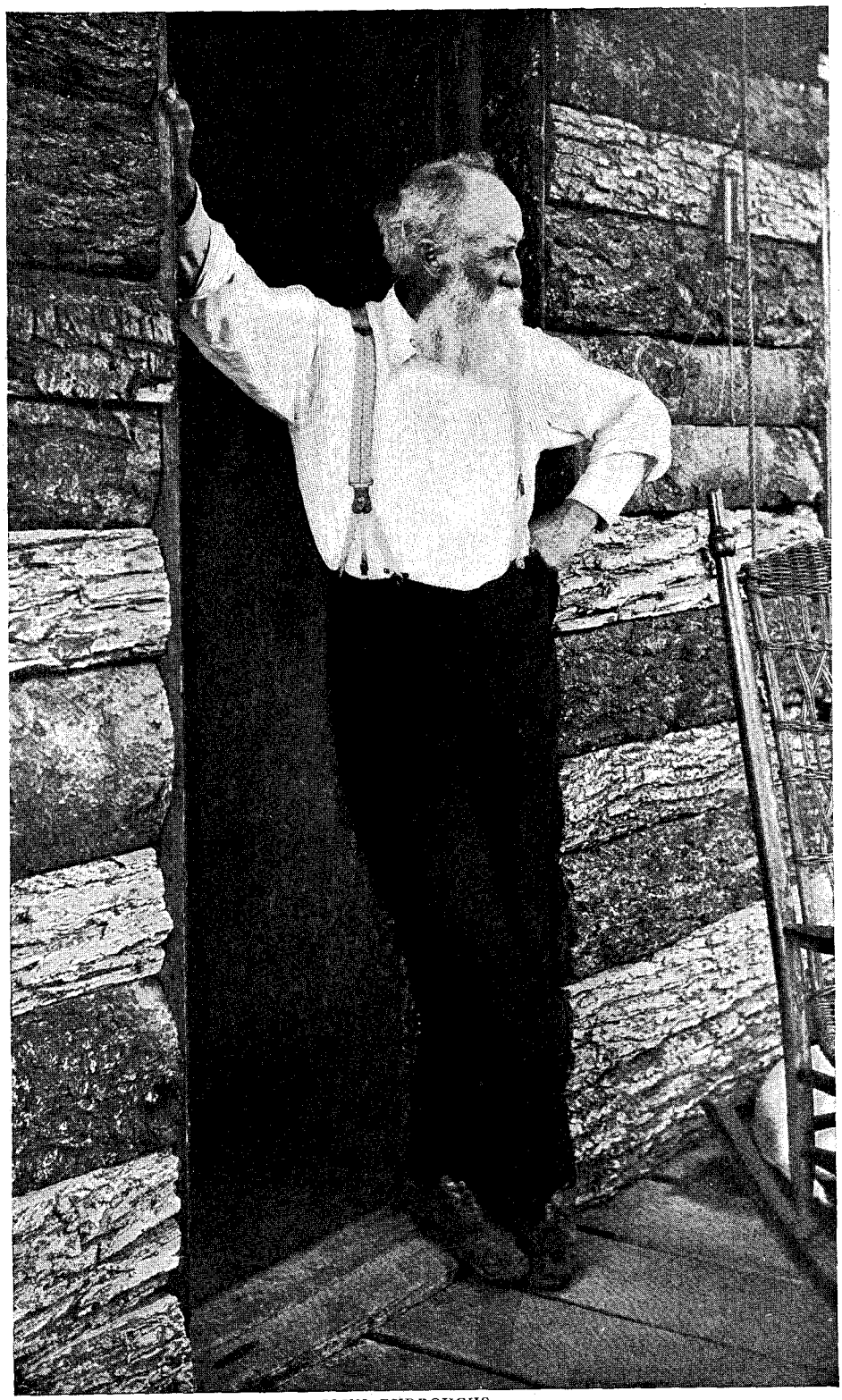

JOHN BURROUGHS

This photograph represents Mr. Burroughs standing in the door of "Slabsides," the rustic house which he built several years ago on his little celery farm in a rich bowl of land a mile or more back from the Hudson River. The photograph clearly suggests the sources from which Mr. Burroughs draws the inspiration for his out-of-door writing.

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ESSAYS

IN recent years it has not always been a simple matter to gather half a dozen volumes of current essays for leisurely reading. One might come upon *facetiæ* and *personalia* loosely woven together in which some one—no matter who—discoursed on his domestic arrangements, his ox, his ass, and his hired man. Or one might discover treatises, analytical, psychological, profoundly in earnest, scrupulously compressed within the limits of the essay form. But it was hard to find the true essay, opinions pleasantly offered on subjects to which every cultivated reader might bring a prepossession and a taste. This fall, either through the caprice of the season or the growing faith of authors and publishers in the mental readiness of the public, we have a number of such volumes. Writing of this sort is first of all a compliment. It assumes that the reader's mind can play about opinions as naturally as the imaginations of children play about the figures of a story, and it offers him an intimacy—the only sort, perhaps, which maketh not ashamed, for it grows up wholesomely, quite outside a man's immediate concerns and inmost convictions, on the recreation ground of supposition and spectacle.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

The essay, of course, is nothing if not critical, and criticism with some readers is a parlous word. But why need it be? To pull anything to pieces to see what it is made of is a flattering mark of curiosity. It is the last eager tribute of a child to his toys, of a grown man to his impressions, and if it accomplishes nothing toward the making of new toys and new impressions, it is then all the more surely a labor of love and not for hire. Nor a fault-finding and dogmatism essential to it. Indeed, the finest criticism is that of the informal essay, personal, tentative, conversational. "Discussion without asperity, sympathy without fusion, gayety unracked by too abundant jests, mental ease in approaching one another—these are the things," says Miss Repplier in her latest volume, "which give a pleasant smoothness to the rough edge of life." And these are the characteristics, one may add, which mark the essay in its best estate.

The six papers which Mr. Bliss Perry has gathered up into his latest volume

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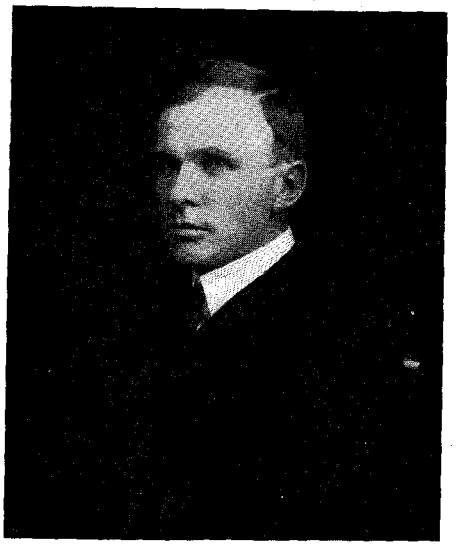
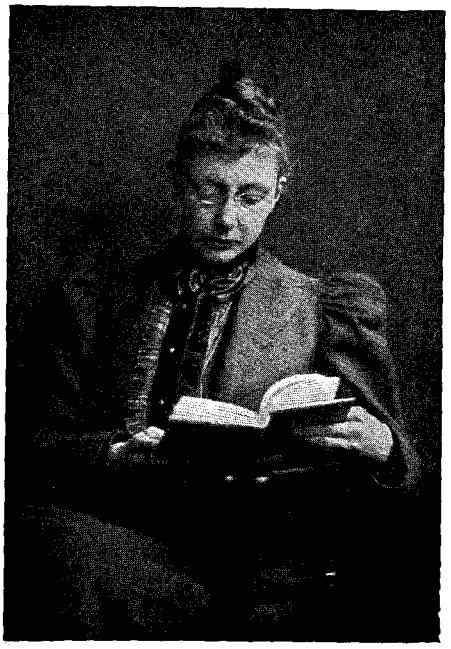


BLISS PERRY

under the title of the "Amateur Spirit" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), if uniformly interesting, vary at least in charm and distinction. One of them invites us to a trout-brook, half hidden in a tangle. Another recalls the college professor of the old school. A third speculates upon the pressure of modern life into the professor's thought. A fourth weaves threads of slight but charming association between Hawthorne and North Adams, at one time his residence. The other two have an editorial air; their style partakes in some degree of the strenuousness of the modern gospel.

In these apparently unrelated papers Mr. Perry has, by an afterthought, discovered something of a common theme. They suggest with varying clearness or obscurity two contesting spirits of the time. The one is that of the specialized intelligence, wholly intent on a lucrative business end, disciplined, professional, and expert. The other is that of the amateur with his delight in the entertaining, the suggestive, the truant phases of every activity. This latter spirit takes many forms. It appears as the village carpenter of thirty-odd years ago who would leave a good job behind him for a day of quiet fishing; as the college professor who, grieved at the sight of his manuscript Latin grammar in ashes, turned for solace to a chair in mathematics; as the Concord philosopher who interfused transcendentalism with the Yankee wit of a jack-of-all-trades. But these amateurs of the old school are passing. The new are impulsive, energetic, assertive, somewhat crude. They must acquire more of the professional's sureness, trained dexterity, method, and solidity, as he must acquire more of their imagination, versatile sympathy, and generosity. With this professed reconciliation of the conflict Mr. Perry leaves us. But in reality is it a reconciliation? Does it not leave in the memory a problem as to the mind's duty to itself? To-day it is certainly hard to keep a discussion in the air. Opinions are apt to strike home. Mr. Perry's volume of quiet humor, ripe experience, and tempered judgment promised us a region where the carrying of weapons would be prohibited. But he has pointed his lesson at us and we galled readers wince.

In his "Imaginary Obligations" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Frank Moore Colby has no such subtle weapons. Epigrams are his one resource, not paradoxical like Mr. Chesterton's, nor cynically world-weary and smelling of the lamp, but obvious even when they are forced, hearty to the point of self-assertion, picturesque after the manner of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Devery. It is astonish-



AGNES REPPLIER

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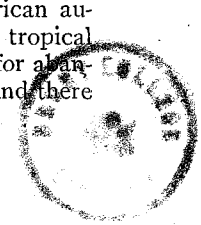
ing how much sententious vigor can be got into the theory that hazing is educative, or that brag is not patriotism. On these and similar topics Mr. Colby always fights like an amateur, fairly and for the love of the sport. There is more originality in Miss Repplier's "Compromises" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). But one must look curiously to find it. For, like a hostess, she makes her own personality felt through her guidance of the thought of others rather than by her own particulars. The nice definitions which trip off her pen seem hardly more than skillful prefaces to her allusions and quotations. Her own originality, perhaps distinction would be a better word, depends almost wholly upon the fusion of liberty, politeness, and clarity with which she always approaches her subject. In spite of their ingenuity of theme and wealth of allusion, her successive volumes maintain too evenly her own tradition of unconstrained decorum to present many new phases for the reviewer to chronicle. In the present volume, however, the closing sketch of the brief span of five years allotted to Byron's little daughter Allegra demands recognition as a poignant illustration of the capacities of the essay-form.

Mrs. Margaret Deland's didactic little essays, "The Common Way" (Harper & Brothers), preach a gospel of tolerance for the elbowing ways of a rising generation. They have the force of a simplicity which is almost bareness and the charm of a motherly sympathy. Neither very conservative nor very radical, she has a way of daring old-fashioned prejudice without defying it, and will often prove winning by her very directness. She is well adapted to commend the truisms of a measurably sophisticated society to the retired and the remote. What Mrs. Deland will do for the social enlightenment of her readers, Professor Thomas Marc Parrott is fitted to do for their literary development. However illuminating cleverness may sometimes prove, there are circles in which it is always mystifying, and Professor Parrott is never mystifying. Toward the authors acknowledged by a consensus of conservative opinion his attitude is filial and discipulary. He never cuts across a critical tradition; he never projects a theory. Arnold remains stoical, Dr. Johnson conservative, Goldsmith charming, Browning vital. These obvious aspects his "Studies of a Book Lover" (James Pott & Co.) presents *con amore* in carefully proportioned and cautiously considered essays of well-tried anecdote.

From these papers it is a far cry to Professor Brander Matthews and his "Recreations of an Anthologist" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). For here we have an illustration of the rich detritus which gathers on a literary man's desk. The first paper collects from many sources self-descriptive experiments in lyric forms, a triolet on the triolet, a rondeau on the rondeau, a *ballade* on the *ballade*, and half a dozen sonnets inspired by the same ingenious caprice. For the rest, the solution of a hundred-year-old feat of magic, quaint recipes in rhyme and carols of cookery, scattered quatrains and unpublished verse of minor American poets, illustrations of epigrams of the past generation and of satire not a century and a half old and yet remote with antiquity, anecdotes of projected books that were never written and plots that were never developed—these, naturally introduced and lightly touched upon, make up the volume.

Out of such flotsam and jetsam of the Elizabethan period as an ancient will, the maudlin diary of a man dying in drink, and the antiquated satire of ephemeral plays, Dr. Felix E. Schelling, in his "Queen's Progress" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has constructed a surprisingly large interpretation of Elizabethan manners. One sometimes fails to see the forest because of the trees, but a little patience over a scholar's superfluity of detail and one gets in a big way the effective showiness, the griping avarices, the enchanting musical sense, and the demonstrative and ingenious sentiment of the age. From these activities of overcharged nerves, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard invites us to the "Island of Tranquil Delights" (Herbert Turner & Co.), to his old haunts in the South Seas. There is perhaps no other American author who can write with such tropical gusto, with such avowed desire for abandon to sensuous impression. And there



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is appreciation in these sketches, a sense of the play of an indolent climate and self-satiating temperaments upon the inevitable dramatic situations of life. But in sensuous writing every sacrifice of artistic seriousness and precision is a sacrifice of refinement. One may reasonably ask that the conscience, if it is to be honorably discharged from its office over the author's senses and emotions, should perform a double duty over his analysis of his impressions, and therefore over the choice and arrangement of his words. And if there is humor, should it not be like that of the descriptive essays of Elia, fine and interpretative, subdued to what it works in, an inevitable temperamental coloring of the impression as a whole? From Mr. Stoddard's luxuriant but unpruned essays it may prove a relief to turn to Mr. Burroughs's more homely sketches, for the distinguishing characteristics of his writings are their aptness and clarity. Half of his latest volume, "Far and Near" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is devoted to a sketch of Alaska, reprinted from the first volume of the "Harriman Alaska Expedition," published in 1901; a half of the remainder is a sketch—none too enthusiastic—of Jamaica. The rest consists of seven charmingly expert and human sketches of Hudson River bird life.

To drop such a volume as this for Mr. H. W. Boynton's "Journalism and Literature" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is to find one's self after an excursion again in the native region of the essay, the debating ground of books and affairs. What gives their very appreciable degree of weight to Mr. Boynton's writings is at first not apparent. It is certainly not due to any distinction of style. For his words, though tolerably clear and unquestionably conscientious, are nevertheless but a lumbering conveyance to his thought. Nor is it due to any extraordinariness of opinion, for he never plays to the gallery, never startles, is never radical. Nor is it due to profundity. It comes perhaps from the fact that he so evidently combines something of the fullness of the well-read man with the readiness of the timely one. Books are to him not a refuge from life but a part of its affairs. There is a course of thought common and fundamental to the progress of events, to the trend of men's minds, to the movement of conversation, to the evolution of literature; and of the nature of this course Mr. Boynton, without direct reference or even covert allusion, seems to be aware. He writes for a public to whom all the civilized modes of communication have been broken into one common highway, and so, in some esoteric meaning of the term, his writing, though without modernity, may be characterized as being of the street. And this is as it should be. There are those who think with Dr. Silas C. Swallow that "the home, the church, and a man's business duties, whether the latter be sacred or secular, should absorb all of his time and energies." The essay is not for them. It flourishes only among those who can lightly step across the boundaries of personal interest and organization-fealty, who delight in the disinterested exchange of tastes and opinions, and who make no hard and fast distinctions between good writing and good talk. It should be more familiar with arts and letters than is the lecture-room, as clubable as the club, and no less conscious of a spirit of the times than is the market-place itself.

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BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

WHEN Thackeray came to this country in 1852 to deliver his first course of lectures on "The English Humorists," he made acquaintance with a New York family which rapidly ripened into a warm friendship that lasted until his death in 1863. The "Brown House" became his home; he came and went with perfect freedom and informality; invited himself to dinner; came before his lectures to be heartened and after them to be diverted and consoled, for he disliked the platform and hated being compelled to talk whether he felt like it or not. His great heart was the heart of a boy, and he entered into the sports and interests of the children in the Brown House as if he were one of them. He made sketches for costumes for a fancy ball; he was greatly entertained by the girls he met at balls and other gatherings; he made himself irresistible to the young people and greatly endeared himself to their elders; although he could be, as Miss Baxter tells us in her charming Introduction, very sharp to the conceited, the assuming, and the intrusive. The slender, tastefully made volume of "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family" (Century Company) will be welcome to every lover of the great novelist, whose distinction it was that he could not put his hand to paper, even in the most informal way, without putting upon it also the unmistakable stamp of style. So true and well trained an artist was he that every line was significant and suggestive. These letters are most informal, unconventional comments and reports to Mrs. Baxter and her children; they are filled with trivialities and nonsense; they overflow with sentiment and affection; they are interleaved with those delightful sketches which Thackeray loved to throw off; they abound in confidences. Alike in their serious and humorous qualities they reveal the author of "The Newcomes" and of "Henry Esmond;" a man of great heart as well as of powerful mind; the best writer among English novelists.

No book of the season has a more delightful quality than the "Memoir of Aubrey de Vere," the accomplished Irish poet who died a few years ago, at a great age, after a life of singular unworldliness. Sara Coleridge said of De Vere when he was a young man that a more entire poet, with a mind and temperament wholly poetic, she had never known; and Mr. Ward, making his acquaintance at threescore years, describes him as possessing "the simplicity, the unspoilt keenness of enjoyment, the buoyant hopefulness, the trustfulness, the reverence for all that was great and good, which belong to a youth as yet untouched by the world." From his boyhood De Vere was a lover of the best and most beautiful things, with a natural gift for poetry. Many of his boyish letters are unusual in their maturity of judgment, their precision of statement, their critical exactness. In childhood he was brooding over nature; and it was natural that Wordsworth, whom he visited several times at Rydal Mount, should have been a demigod to him. His love was not without discrimination, however; and he has said some

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of the most profound and illuminating things about Wordsworth to be found in criticism. There are many delightful impressions of Wordsworth and the Lake people in the book, some of them showing the rough sides of the prophets and seers, "Rogers insisting upon Wordsworth's naming a day to dine with him, and Wordsworth stoutly exhibiting his mountain lawlessness, stating that he would dine or not, as it happened or as it suited his convenience, and saying that he was sure he would find the best accommodation of every sort at Mr. Rogers's, whether Mr. Rogers was in the house or not. Mr. Rogers at last replied: 'Well, you may as well tell me at once to go to the devil; I can only say that my house, its master, and everything in it are heartily at your service—come when you will."

De Vere's affection for Tennyson was one of the deepest feelings of his life, and his early diaries contain many references to the young English poet. He speaks of the evening when Tennyson read aloud from the manuscript of "In Memoriam," "And as the poet's voice would drop at the end of the lines, making the sound almost inaudible, his hearer read with him, looking over his shoulder, and saw the poet's tears roll down his face, so great was his emotion." De Vere's poetry, although not of the greatest, has a rare quality of delicacy and refinement. It is reverent and worshipful beyond almost any other modern poetry; and the collection which Mr. George H. Woodberry made a few years ago shows how fine was the quality of a poet who, if he must be called minor, must be ranked among the best in the sincerity and purity of his devotion to his art. It may be added that no book of the season is a better antidote for the rush and materialism of the period than this report of a quiet, leisurely, unworldly career. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The two handsome volumes which contain "The Correspondence of Sir William Walter Pepys," Master in Chancery, 1758–1825, are very appropriately entitled "A Later Pepys" (John Lane); for in him the eighteenth century produced a gossip not quite so interesting, but quite as industrious and observant, as the seventeenth century produced in the famous diarist. The prime characteristic of a gossip is to be immensely interested in all kinds of people and all sorts of things, without much sense of relative values and very slight sense of perspective. One cannot be a gossip if he realizes the difference in importance between people, occurrences, and talk. The essence of gossip is the love of detail; the passion, not for truth or principle, but for everything that is said and done. The first Pepys had a further quality which has endeared him to all his readers: a charming *naïveté* in dealing with his own faults and foibles which gives his diary all the value of an intimate confession. The confession is not very important, and his crimes are for the most part peccadilloes; but there is something agreeable to human nature in the spectacle of a man who is always fussing about his delinquencies, making heroic resolutions and never really changing his character.

Sir William Pepys lived to be an octogenarian, and to the end of his days kept his amiability, his good spirits, and his kindly nature. He had an insatiable desire for life, and, what usually goes with it, keen power of enjoying people and things. He was fond of walking, and he entertained himself on these walks by repeating passages from Homer and the Psalms, for he believed greatly in the noble habit of committing the best verse to memory. Writing to Hannah More in his old age, he said: "Here I am, past fourscore, in perfect health, with the same relish for books, conversation, and music that I ever had, surrounded by children who have turned out to be everything that the fondest parent could desire, with the very singular comfort of having my most intimate friend in the person of my oldest son, who is my constant and most delightful companion." It will be inferred that the life of the later is in important particulars very different from the life of the earlier Pepys. The one was always sinning, repenting, and sinning again; the other was happily poised in temperament, character, and position between extremes, and struck the golden mean

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apparently without effort. He was a great favorite in "polite circles." To Mrs. Thrale Dr. Johnson said of him. "Now there is Pepys; you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head." He appears to have been a better talker than writer; for while there is a good deal of sameness in his records, the reports of his friends indicate that his talk had a great deal of vivacity and charm. He was a lawyer of excellent rank, a scholar of real attainment, and he had his place in those drawing-rooms where something better was offered and expected than the entertainment of cards, which at the end of the eighteenth century had begun to lose their fascination. People had played too long; they wanted something else. In the house of William Pepys there were good talk, many anecdotes, pleasant recitals of the best poetry, and there were wit and good humor, though occasionally Dr. Johnson flew into a passion over politics and had to be calmed by the tact of his host. The volumes contain a great deal that is interesting, and much that is of no importance, and would gain greatly had they been more thoroughly edited.

"A true soul will disdain to be moved except by what natively commands it, though it should go sad and solitary in search of its master a thousand years." Thus Emerson said to a doubt-harried youth, who has now given to the world in the peaceful retirement of his old age the story of his search for the master of his soul. Of Moncure Daniel Conway it may well be said that "a man in his time plays many parts." At nineteen a Methodist minister, he passed, after long and painful self-communings, to Unitarianism, and finally developed into a sturdy champion of free thought. The son of a Virginia slaveholder, by birth, training, and environment a firm believer in the institution of slavery, he found himself little by little changing ground, until in the height of the agitation before the war he became an uncompromising advocate of emancipation. Here alone are the elements of a narrative of high human interest. When to these are added the circumstance that in his pilgrimage this seeker after truth has for more than half a century been in close touch with history-making events at home and abroad, and has come into intimate contact with leaders of the world of thought, it is inevitable that the record of his life should be an absorbing document.

There is scarcely a dull page in the two bulky volumes in which this record is contained—"Autobiography: Memories and Experiences" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The casual reader will find a rich store of anecdote and reminiscence concerning the men and the manners of the South in ante-bellum days, of Harvard and Boston in the early fifties, of the Concord school, of Washington on the eve of the great upheaval, of the Middle States at the outbreak of the war, and finally of religious, philosophical, literary, scientific, and artistic England in the prime of the Victorian era, with incidental glimpses of the momentous social and military movements of the European continent. The serious-minded, on the other hand, will discover here an impressive illustration of the modification of personality by personality. Whatever opinion one may form of the results of Moncure Conway's quest, certain it is that he sought truth in high places. In his younger days a pupil of Emerson, Thoreau, Agassiz, Longfellow, attracted by and attracting the dwellers on lofty planes, learning the meaning and value of ideals and clinging to them through the vicissitudes of his pastorates at home, it is no surprise that upon removing to England he fell under the spell of such men as Carlyle, Martineau, Browning, Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, and Max Müller, and entered upon terms of near friendship with them. It is more difficult to trace the manner in which he gathered together the threads of the influence they exerted. One thing, however, stands out with clearness: that of all the giants of intellect encountered by him, Emerson and Carlyle left the most abiding impress. Emerson's influence he dates from his boyhood, from a day when, out hunting, he lingered by a roadside spring to read a stray copy of "Blackwood's." Here he

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found an extract from the essay on History, and as he read, "Through a little rift I caught a glimpse of a vault beyond the familiar sky, from which flowed a spirit that was subtly inbreeding discontent in me, bereaving me of faith in myself, rendering me a mere source of anxiety to those around me. And what was I doing out there with a gun trying to kill happy little creatures of earth and sky? Was it for this I was born?" Thence grew the resolution to enter the ministry; and when, a young clergyman, doubts rose anew, it was to Emerson he turned, sending an appeal that brought forth the letter from which we have quoted. A few months more and he was in Emerson's presence, receiving "beside the ruin of the shanty Thoreau built with his own hands" his first instruction in "the supremacy of the present hour." His "earthward pilgrimage" had begun.

So long as he remained in America, Emerson's continued the most prominent figure in the foreground of his thought; always, we might well say, it has so continued. But almost from the moment of his arrival in England as an emissary of the cause of the slave, we discern the workings of another potent force. "In a modest old mansion," begins the chronicle of a friendship that endured from the first meeting with until the death of the Lion of Chelsea, "apart from the great whirl of fashion, resided Carlyle, the man to whose wonderful genius more than to any other is to be attributed the intellectual and spiritual activity of his generation. . . . A strange thrill passed over me when I first stood face to face with those grand features." Never has Carlyle had more earnest advocate than Moncure Conway, who, forewarned by Emerson to expect a vitriolic greeting, found instead "tenderness and sympathy. Personally, that is to say; but I discovered the vitriol too—the man's relentless confrontation of optimistic visions and 'reforms' with an insight that pierced their bias. . . . The thing that especially amazed me about Carlyle was the extent of his intellectual pilgrimage. . . . I had studied scientific problems under great scientific men and revised my religious and political philosophy; I had entered new phases of thought and belief; but there was never one in which Carlyle had not been there before me. He had studied closely every philosophy, generalization, and theology. He knew every direction where an impenetrable wall would be found, and every deep and by-way of speculation." The temptation to quote at length from these most quotable memoirs is well-nigh irresistible. Possessor of a graceful style, of the faculty of clothing his concepts and of recording incidents and events in language quick with life, Mr. Conway has given us a work of rare literary quality as well as of value as a contribution to the history of the nineteenth century. In its frankness and sincerity, moreover, it will take rank as a noteworthy addition to the literature of "confessions." Its author makes us understand and feel with him, however he fail to persuade us to believe with him on the questions which are of supreme importance to the soul of man.

Mr. Conway's reminiscences of the old-time South carry the reader back, at farthest, to the Harrison-Van Buren campaign of 1840. Intimate pictures of the social and political life of a much earlier period are afforded by the late Augustus C. Buell's "History of Andrew Jackson" (Scribner), undoubtedly the most complete account of the personality and career of "Old Hickory" that has yet appeared. Mr. Buell writes of being by heredity and inclination a "Jacksonian Democrat," but this does not prevent him from speaking as candidly of his hero's faults and weaknesses as he is eloquent in portraying his good qualities. Assuredly, his admiration for the victor of New Orleans has led him into misconceptions regarding the character and motives of some of the National leaders who were politically aligned against Jackson; yet we may none the less accept this as an authoritative work in so far as Jackson himself is concerned. Mr. Buell's search for sources has been indefatigable, including not only consultation of books, pamphlets, and public records, but scrutiny of private documents and letters, and personal

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interviews " with many eminent men and women, who, having passed their prime of life as friends or acquaintances of the great subject himself, could give glimpses of his personality more vivid and striking than any printed record." The result has been a fresh, virile, and convincing study of the first " log-cabin " President of the United States.

To make clear the secret of Jackson's potent sway over the minds and hearts of his fellow-countrymen is one of this biographer's most congenial duties, his researches leading him to conclude that " whatever he may have fancied himself to be theoretically, General Jackson was in practice what would now be termed an Imperialist of the deepest dye. And that was what gave to him his marvelous hold on the imagination and affection of the plain people." Mr. Buell has no patience with those who would " treat Andrew Jackson as a huge accident or even as a mighty freak in our history." Following him step by step in his career from the Carolina forests to the humble law office in Tennessee, to his appearance in Congress as first representative of the newly formed State, to his entrance into the United States Senate, to his appointment as a Supreme Court Judge of Tennessee, studying every phase of his career to the declaration of war with England, he makes clear two points: that Jackson was naturally an ambitious man, and that he had carefully fortified himself for the chance that came to him on Chalmette Plain and for the chance that presented itself in the struggle " to expand the right of suffrage and to transfer the scepter from narrow and effete Virginia or Massachusetts to the broad and brawny West." The hour had come and the man was ready, supported not alone by the prestige of his military successes, but by a powerful political machine of his own construction.

While the examination of Jackson's tenure as President is painstaking and thorough, it, as may be expected, adds little to our knowledge of a subject that has been so extensively explored. It is in the study of his exploits as a soldier and of the storm and stress of his early political and private life that we receive a multitude of new impressions. On the more prosaic and peaceful side of his career Mr. Buell also throws many illuminating side-lights aiding to a clearer apprehension of this " character of antitheses." Of Jackson the duelist, soldier, and politician we have heard much; we have had comparatively few glimpses of Jackson the planter and successful business man. As with his official life, Mr. Buell makes the old warrior's home life seem very near and very real to us, and we willingly accompany him through the smiling plantations and the thriving towns of Tennessee.

The changes wrought in later years are vividly brought to mind by the publication of two volumes of war-time reminiscences by Southern women— " Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor (Macmillan), and " A Belle of the Fifties," by Mrs. C. C. Clay (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Both, curiously enough, open with recollections of social, diplomatic, and political life in Washington, covering the period of two socially brilliant administrations. " Washington," writes Mrs. Pryor, " was like a great village in those days of President Pierce and President Buchanan." That it was an exceedingly attractive " village " is the testimony borne by herself and Mrs. Clay, both of whom linger fondly over the memories of the days when, as the beautiful young wives of Congressmen, the one from Virginia, the other from Alabama, they were numbered among the reigning belles. Accounts of balls, concerts, receptions, and other functions mingle in their pages, with descriptions of costumes and fashions, with glimpses of private and official life, and with impressions of noteworthy men and women. It is not all gossip and small talk, however. We catch many an echo of the increasing tenseness of sectional feeling, until with the breaking of the storm the gayety abruptly passes.

Thereafter the two narratives separate widely. Mrs. Clay, after her husband's departure on his mission to Canada, took refuge in Georgia, where she joined her sister in womanly endeavor to mitigate the discomforts of the Confederate soldiery. Of war-time conditions, however, she says comparatively little, the

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thread of her memoirs being resumed with the story of Clay's surrender to General Wilson and of her unremitting and finally successful efforts to induce President Johnson to intervene in his behalf. Mrs. Pryor, on the other hand, writes of the situation with the knowledge of one who was seldom far from the firing line. Her experiences included service as a nurse in the military hospital at Richmond, a prolonged sojourn in the Confederate camp on the Blackwater, where her husband was in command, and life in Petersburg during the siege and after Sheridan's occupation. Here, manifestly, is the basis for a series of pictures to stir the blood and make the heart beat fast. The tale is no longer of music and laughter, but of battle and death, of disease and famine stalking hand in hand. No martial pomp—anguish of body and mind, squalor and starvation, the misery of it all standing out in bolder relief against the grim humor of the siege incidents and camp stories woven in the background of this simple, natural recital. From the moment she embroiders the shoulder-straps for "my young colonel" until the day when she and her children make their way back to the war-shattered "Cottage Farm," Mrs. Pryor holds the interest and the sympathy. More than this, she makes us see as in the light of the full noon what war really means: here, in truth, we listen to a forceful argument for peace.

By an interesting coincidence, testimony to the extent to which the great struggle between the North and the South brought sorrow to homes far removed from the conflict comes to us from across the sea. In telling "An Irishman's Story" (Macmillan) Justin McCarthy finds himself obliged to close his recollections of many a playmate of his boyhood, a sharer in his youthful dreams, and colaborer in his early efforts in behalf of Ireland, with the statement that he yielded his life-blood on the battlefield of our Civil War. But on the painful reflections to which this must give rise Mr. McCarthy does not dwell. Seldom, indeed, does he dwell on anything painful in this cheery and most optimistic of autobiographies, redolent of the fragrance of an old-fashioned flower garden. One well-nigh forgets the physical discomforts inflicted by declining years on this veteran journalist, historian, and parliamentarian, as one lives over with him the joys and aspirations of the career that, opening in a humble home in the Emerald Isle, found its fulfillment in the chieftainship of the Irish party in the British House of Commons. Like Mr. Conway, Justin McCarthy has been brought by the "eventualities of time" into connection with "some large movements." Of the imprint these made upon him, and of the manner in which his personality reacted upon them, the reader will here find the material to form well-defined opinions. This, in short, is at once an autobiography and an interpretation of the times.

It is markedly lacking in the anecdotal, a defect which becomes no defect when it is remembered that Mr. McCarthy has already laid us under deep obligations in this respect in his hitherto published "Reminiscences." Still, he does find some new stories to tell, and some capital stories. As a rule, he prefers to sum up rather than illustrate the traits and characteristics of the many notable figures that have loomed large in his horizon. American readers will take an especial interest in the memories of the men he met during his visits to the United States—a long list, including the names of Bryant, Ripley, Greeley, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. Naturally, however, the most general interest attaches to the narrative of his connection with the Nationalist party, and more particularly with Parnell, of whose personality and career he has much to say, and always in the kindliest vein, while making clear his position in the movement to retire the long-time leader to private life.

With Gladstone, it is needless to say, Mr. McCarthy enjoyed an intimate acquaintance, and perhaps the most engrossing passage in this book is the story of his last interview with the famous statesman. Strange to say, he never met Gladstone's most illustrious political antagonist, who has just been made the subject of a most engaging

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essay in personality by Walter Sichel, whose exhaustive study of Bolingbroke will insure an appreciative audience for this later work. At the outset of his "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Mr. Sichel gains the attention by emphasizing a point too often forgotten by political observers—that "the power of imagination is essential to supreme statesmanship." That Lord Beaconsfield possessed to a high degree the imaginative quality, that he was a creative genius of the first water, building both for the present and for the future, and that throughout his career he was never prompted by mean or unworthy motives, but always held his chief concern to be the welfare of the people, are contentions which Mr. Sichel devotes every effort to sustain. Writing as a devout worshiper at the shrine, his enthusiasm frequently carries him beyond a point where we are prepared to follow; but we gladly recognize that in his survey of the man and his times he has collated facts making many a difficult point clear, and that here we have a scholarly appreciation.

ART and HOLIDAY BOOKS

IN the world of art the publication of the two quarto volumes on Romney (Scribner) by Mrs. Humphry Ward and W. Roberts is an event of importance. The Outlook has already recorded the appearance of other biographies of the great English painter, but we now have an account perhaps more critical and authoritative than any which has yet appeared. The text—all too short—together with a reprint of Romney's diary of dates of sittings, and this reinforced by a wealth of quite ideal illustration, gives to us a greater realization than before of Romney's prodigious industry. The son of a carpenter, he had little or no education, and began work when eleven years old. Yet he became not only one of the busiest, but, despite many over-hasty attempts—for he gave something like nine thousand sittings in less than twenty years—one of the best artists that England has known. As The Outlook has said before, Romney's work is not only particularly notable in itself, but also because of the parallel between it and the work of his contemporaries, Gainsborough and Reynolds. Perhaps the most interesting part of the present biography lies in a discussion of these parallels. Not so various and yet formal as Reynolds, not so subtle and skillful as Gainsborough, Romney's work lay between the two in its grace, delicacy, freshness, spontaneity. The psychological portrait might come in Raeburn's, Rossetti's, Watts's time; in Romney's pure beauty sufficed, and of this the seventy splendid photogravures and the catalogue filling the second volume give abundant proof.

Mr. Ricketts's "The Prado and its Masterpieces" (Dutton) is a single volume quarto slightly larger in size than the foregoing. It contains a critical and illuminative text, and also over fifty photogravures, the large majority of which

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have been engraved by Messrs. Ad. Braun et Cie., of Paris, from their negatives. There is also a gratifying amount of other illustration. While no reproduction can ever satisfy one who has seen the glories of the Prado, some of this illustration is delightful to look upon even by eyes which have feasted on the originals in Madrid, and all the illustrations are interesting to any eyes. Of far more moment, however, is the text. We can hardly be too well informed as to the development of the Spanish school of painting. Mr. Ricketts does wisely in giving to us a prefatory chapter, which considers the peculiar quality of the Prado as a collection; namely, its wealth of Spanish, Italian, Dutch, German, and French masterpieces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Turning his attention then to Spanish development, he considers successively El Greco, Ribera, Zurbaran, Velasquez, Murillo, Goya. Then follows consideration of the Italian and Flemish schools in the Prado. It is a commonplace that in order fully to understand Rubens one must needs go, not to the galleries of Flanders, of Paris or Munich, but to Spain. This is also true of Titian, to a very great degree, and Mr. Ricketts helps us to understand why it is so. His book, as a whole, also helps one to realize that, as regards masterpieces, if Naples possess a gallery of sculpture in many respects more notable than any other, the same thing may be said of the Prado in respect to painting. If the young student of painting would be better instructed by the far more comprehensive galleries of Paris or Berlin, the man who is looking for the largest collection of unique paintings will probably bend his steps to Madrid. But, beyond this, there is another reason, and we are not surprised that Mr. Ricketts emphasizes it: Spain has had the good fortune to keep the works of her greatest artist practically intact; it is only in the Prado that one may know Velasquez.

In subject-matter and in method of presentation few books are richer or more interesting to the lover of contemporary art than the quarto entitled "Pictures by George Frederick Watts" (Fox, Duffield & Co., New York). This volume reproduces in a series of full-page photogravures, very well executed, a carefully made and representative selection from the pictures of Mr. Watts, including many of the most beautiful; and when it is remembered that he was pre-eminently the English painter of his time whose work was penetrated by the highest idealism, the beauty of the material contained in this book is sufficiently indicated. The selections were made by Julia Ellsworth Ford and Thomas W. Lamont, who have also furnished an interesting and intelligent introduction in which a number of reproductions of well-known portraits by Mr. Watts are included.

Sir Walter Armstrong's sumptuous volume on "Gainsborough and His Place in English Art" (Scribner) has now been published in a much smaller volume. It will appeal to the lovers of painting who have found in Gainsborough all that is most exquisite in English life. The present volume contains nearly fifty plates, some of which give to us an idea of Gainsborough's characteristics, as, for instance, the "Queen Charlotte." Most of the illustrations, however, are quite inadequate.

Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's "Impressionist Painting" (Scribner) is a superb voume. Its paper, print, binding, and illustration go far to awaken in the reader the expectation of finding greater illumination than he received from the publication of a similar work by M. Camille Mauclair, a year or two ago. As he turns page after page, however, of the beautiful book, that expectation is hardly realized. At best, Mr. Dewhurst only strengthens one's interest in impressionist artists and one's admiration for most of their work; it can hardly be said that he throws much new light either on the men or their achievements.

The portfolio of fifty-five views of "American Contemporary Interiors" (Clifford & Lawton) shows some attempt to classify by periods, as, for instance, the Louis XIV. period, exemplified in present-day mural painting by a view of one of the halls in the new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia; the

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Louis XV. by a view of Hotel Astor (New York City) interior; the Louis XVI. (Colonial) by a view of one of the reception-rooms of the White House; the so-called "art nouveau" by illustrations from the French Pavilion at the St. Louis Fair. Thus the work has some value as indicating popularly some past and present tendencies.

Mr. Russell Sturgis's "How to Judge Architecture" has been followed, we are glad to say, by a companion volume entitled "The Appreciation of Sculpture" (Baker & Taylor). Our author appropriately begins with the Greek standard of excellence. He takes us to the culmination of Greek sculpture and through its decline, through the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages, the Italian revival and decadence, and the French transition to the art of our own day. In considering recent art—and he does this with great fullness and appreciation—Mr. Sturgis admirably divides his consideration into four parts, form, sentiment, monumental effect, and, finally, recent art compared with Greek standards. In general, the opinions offered are those of one who seems to us rather too apt to regard sculpture as chiefly a decorative art. Few sculptors would agree to this. Mr. Sturgis's notably informative and suggestive text has been well indexed, and has been reinforced by a number of only fair illustrations.

The most famous of the sets of engravings published under Turner's superintendence was the "Liber Studiorum." The new edition of this work (Scribner) suggests a comparison with Claude's "Liber Veritatis," and is another proof of Turner's desire to excel Claude as a landscape artist. The original project of the "Liber Studiorum" contemplated the publication of one hundred prints; seventy-one were actually published. The artist's usual plan seems to have been to prepare a sketch tinted in sepia, with the outline reinforced with a pen. On receiving the sketch, the engraver traced the outline and transferred to the etching ground laid on the copper plate. Turner then worked over this outline with his etching-needle. On again receiving the sketch the engraver had the plate bitten-in and completed in mezzotint. The eccentric artist carried on this particular work in a desultory manner during a long period. Commercial success was impossible from Turner's business and moral standards; but a further reason lay in the fact that the age was against him. The patronage of art in England was controlled by a small class to whom such a thing as imaginative reflection appealed with little force. Finally the artist himself abandoned the field for one of greater expressiveness—in mezzotint he could neither portray masses of detail nor could he give brilliance of tone. The work, then, is chiefly valuable as indicating an interesting phase in Turner's development.

Mr. Gibson's holiday volume, "Everyday People" (Scribner), is the ninth book in the regular series of Mr. Gibson's published drawings. Each volume in the series has been uniform in size, shape, and binding. The present work contains an agreeable variety of subjects treated in Mr. Gibson's best manner. The illustrations are very Gibsonian, but they are not so wooden as to arms and legs as were some of their predecessors. The prominent feature of the present volume is its inclusion of the Tagg series, one of Mr. Gibson's happiest hits.

Maeterlinck has written nothing in its way more characteristic in its subtlety, its charm, and its deep human feeling than "Our Friend the Dog"—a wholly new treatment of a very old subject, and one that may fairly be said to take its place with the classics. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have given this charming work very appropriate setting.

This year's holiday season brings new editions of Mr. Mabie's "Parables of Life" and his "Backgrounds of Literature" (Macmillan) and of his "Nature and Culture" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The first volume is enlarged by the addition of four additional chapters materially adding to the comprehensiveness of the work. The volume on "Nature and Culture" now appears in an illustrated edition, the exquisite pictures being from photographs by Mr. Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr. To "Backgrounds of Literature" a chapter on Hawthorne has been added.

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Mr. Edward S. Martin's "The Luxury of Children and Some Other Luxuries" (Harper) appears in a holiday edition with illustrations by Sarah Stilwell. Mr. Martin's text ought to be read by those who need to learn about children as an incentive to happier living. The present edition should help materially in spreading abroad the author's felicitous and helpful meditations.

Mrs. Wharton's "Italian Villas and Their Gardens" (The Century Company) is a charming book. It is perhaps a unique book in English on the subject. The author divides her chapters appropriately into considerations of Florentine, Sienese, Roman, Genoese, Venetian, and Lombard villas. Such a work evidently lends itself immediately and sympathetically to illustration. It would be easy to name many artists whose illustration could have been none other than appropriate. That of Mr. Maxfield Parrish, consisting of colored plates, is undoubtedly as satisfactory as any, and it is reinforced by many pictures from photographs. Mrs. Wharton's discriminating text has received the benefit of admirable print, paper, and binding, but we hope that, for the sake of intending travelers to Italy, another edition may be printed at some future time in smaller form and without illustration. Such information as Mrs. Wharton has given us should be put within the reach, not only of all those who visit Italy, but of those who would gain for their own country places, large or small, many suggestions from the famed Italian villas.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany" has been published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company, and will challenge the quick attention of all those who would know their Tuscany better. Parts of some of the chapters have been already printed in such magazines as "The Speaker," "The Quarterly Review," etc., but this will by no means deter readers from the desire to possess the book as a whole, especially as the illustration does so much really to illustrate Mr. Hewlett's text. In saying this, we are speaking of no ordinary text. On every page Mr. Hewlett shows the absorption of Tuscany which can come only to one who has long lived there. Indeed, it seems sometimes as if we were reading the work of an Italian writing in English, so intimate is the touch. It would be easy enough for the scholar to display his knowledge; it might be easy enough for the critic to air his criticisms; but it needs a Carmichael, as we have seen from his "In Tuscany," or a Maurice Hewlett, as we now see, to interpret to us the elusive charm of a country which owes its fascination, not to its background of history, nor to its present treasures of art, nor to its natural beauty, nor even to its people—that marvelous compound of vigor and grace—but to something contributed by all these elements: an indefinable charm, an atmosphere which must be breathed and breathed again throughout days and months and years before even such foreigners as Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Hewlett may apprehend Tuscany. And even then they may not quite comprehend it.

Among the worthiest books for holiday or for any other use are the two volumes (Macmillan) on "Rome and its Story" and "Paris and its Story." The volume on Rome suggests an inevitable comparison with similar attempts from Mr. Norwood Young's little volume to Mr. Wey's tome. In a succeeding edition the present volume might well be divided into two volumes. For the benefit of tourists and travelers it ought to be published in smaller form and without illustration, interesting as are those in this edition, whether from the three-color, halftone, or line blocks. The authors have not, apparently, executed the book in collaboration; instead, we have two distinct works bound together. One author instructs us concerning pagan Rome, dealing with tradition, history, and the monuments down to the establishment of Christianity. The other author, in three times as much space, informs us concerning Christian Rome down to the sack of the city in 1527. We are glad to note an unwonted fullness of description concerning the early Christian ages, for to most readers the authorities dealing with early and mediæval Rome are neither accessible nor popular. Ending with Clement VII.'s reign,

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however, the book seems manifestly incomplete. We need additional pages to describe the great extension and transformation of Roman monuments and their magnificence, but especially to point out why there was a coincident loss in originality and vitality during the period of Catholic reaction and Jesuit ascendency which followed the fall of Rome.

Also well written and illustrated is Mr. Okey's "Paris" (Macmillan). The particular charm of the book is the prominent place given by the author to the traditions of very early days. As he says, the story of Paris presents a marked contrast with the story of the Italian cities. Paris is still young even if she has more than once tasted the bitterness of humiliation, but an Italian town is often chiefly impressive by reason of age, of silence, perhaps of decay. Mr. Okey has grasped the fact that Paris is probably the most highly developed of European cities. We believe this to be so because it is the home of all that is lively, precise, acute, bizarre, original, refined, delicate, subtle. Hence we have in this book a history of France as one may read it in the monuments of Paris, but also the story of the French folk as one may read it in the French of to-day, the successors of the strangely contrasted characters who have crowded the French political, artistic, and literary stage in all ages. The book may not have the charm of the late Theodore Child's "Praise of Paris," it may not impress one as being as erudite as Mr. Martin's "Stones of Paris," it may not reflect so well present life as Signor di Amicis's "Ricordi di Parigi" or Mr. Whiteing's "Paris of To-Day," but it occupies a well-earned place on the shelf which contains these books.

In the interesting series edited by Mr. Joel Cook appear this year "Switzerland, Picturesque and Descriptive," and "France, Historic and Romantic." (Coates.) The series has the advantage of practical form, capital print, and graphic illustration. The books are of not inconsiderable use to those who wish to have guide-book information given in more readable form.

To the long list of books edited by Esther Singleton has now been added "Famous Women" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a compilation and sketches of famous and beautiful women by well-known authors. The present volume is not the least interesting in a series of which all the volumes are interesting.

Mr. Cecil Headlam has already enriched the world with noteworthy studies of Chartres and Nuremberg. His "Oxford" (E. P. Dutton) is a work to make every Oxonian grateful and Mr. Headlam's Alma Mater proud. This *filius indignus haud ingratus almæ matri* dedicates his portly volume to her; a book big with the love and appreciation of Oxford, as a university, as a town, as a link between the outer and the inner England and English life. For the history of Oxford is in a large measure the history of England, social, political, architectural, educational, spiritual. Mr. Goldwin Smith and other writers on Oxford have been conscious of this, but it has remained for Mr. Headlam to give to us a view of Oxford really more impressive than any yet offered. It is a satisfaction to note that the author's dignified text has received dignified treatment. The volume is a quarto, the paper is exquisite in quality, the large, clear print is restful to weary eyes, and Mr. Herbert Railton's lithographs and other illustrations will prove a welcome sight to those who love their Oxford. And that means all who have ever been there.

"Raiderland" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) represents the consummation of the art of Mr. Crockett and of Mr. Pennell. Delightful as is the latter's art, in this work it does not represent the absorption of the subject which we have found in other illustration by the famous pen-draughtsman, and does not at all represent the high quality of Mr. Crockett's text. That text comes to us with an aroma and a kind of pennyroyal pungency as if from our own Maine. But ours is a simpler, less historic country, with more high lights and fewer dark shadows. The Scotch thorn and heather still hide many a murderous secret. Of Galloway gossip we have a plenty, and this especially in that particular part of Galloway which has come to be called "The

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Raiders' Country." Its traditions have materialized themselves with something of the concreteness of history; but Mr. Crockett gives us no formal history or informal guide-book. He acknowledges no law save that of his own fancy.

Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (Caldwell) has received a beautiful typographical setting in the latest of the many editions of that famous work. This excellence is also noticeable in an edition published by the same house of Tennyson's "Holy Grail."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Accidents and Emergencies: A Manual of the Treatment of Surgical and Medical Emergencies in the Absence of a Physician. By Charles W. Dulles, M.D. Illustrated. (Sixth Edition, thoroughly Revised and Enlarged.) P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 209 pages. $1, net.

American Nation (The): A History. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, LL.D. First Series. 5 vols. **Foundation of the Nation.** Vol. I.—**European Background of American History, 1300–1600.** By Edward Potts Cheney, A.M. Vol. II.—**Basis of American History, 1500–1900.** Vol. III.—**Spain in America, 1450–1580.** By Edward Gaylord Bourne, Ph.D. Vol. IV.—**England in America, 1580–1652.** Vol. V.—**Colonial Self-Government, 1652-1689.** By Charles McLean Andrews, Ph.D. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8½ in. Per set, $9.

Reserved for later notice.

American Wives and Others. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages.

All sorts of subjects are handled in this book of clever sketches. They are treated also in a variety of ways, the author's range extending from broad humor to simple pathos—the paper called "Dawn o' Day in Big Cities" is a good instance of this. The illustrations are by no means an aid to the effect produced. They are too woodenly silly to be funny.

Awakening of Japan (The). By Okakura-Kakuzo. The Century Co., New York. 4¼×7¾ in. 225 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Blue Baby and Other Stories (The). By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.50.

With "Baby Blue" leading, here are ten stories of English life interesting to children of, say, between seven and fourteen years. They deal with the commonplace, are free from exaggerated situations, and their charm lies in a simplicity, freshness, and domesticity that is wholesome. Without strained effort to enforce a moral, the duty and privilege of performing little kindnesses that come one's way and of being straightforward and faithful in the small affairs of every-day life are taught.

Bobby and Bobbinette. By Annie R. Talbot. Illustrated. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 235 pages. 75c.

A pretty story of two little children and their friend, Miss Kathy, who kept a toy shop on Sixth Avenue. With its gay cover and Christmas flavor it will be a favorite gift-book this season.

Bright Days in Sunny Lands. By A. Van Doren Honeyman. Illustrated. Honeyman & Co., Plainfield, New Jersey. 5×7¾ in. 429 pages. $1.75.

Broke of Covenden. By J. C. Snaith. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 582 pages. $1.50.

A story mainly concerned with English country life. The fortunes of a country family are followed—a family fallen on evil days. Though rather marred by long digressions and the overdrawing of the principal characters, this novel is powerfully written.

Business. By L. De V. Matthewman. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 120 pages.

Captain in the Ranks (A). By George Cary Eggleston. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 337 pages. $1.20, net.

The shaping of a career for himself in the industrial life of the West by a young Confederate officer, beggared through the Civil War, is the theme of this clever book. It is clever and it is interesting, so we will not quarrel with the author if his hero is almost too good to be true and his heroine almost too meek and modest for one so capable and self-reliant.

Captives Three. By James A. Braden. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 353 pages. $1.

College Laboratory Manual of Physics. By Edwin H. Hall, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages.

Dialstone Lane. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 337 pages. $1.50.

Droll as droll can be! Mr. Jacobs has here a plot that does not convince, but the plot is absolutely unimportant. The people and the situations are slyly and cleverly humorous. The author has given innocent pleasure to many thousands of readers, and his books hold their attractiveness wonderfully well.

Eliza. By Barry Pain. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 199 pages. 75c.

This is a series of short sketches of domestic life depicting two widely differing types of character. The husband, a London clerk

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on a small salary, yearns constantly for higher things. Eliza, the wife, on the contrary, feels no such ambitions, and invariably discourages his soarings by satirical cold douches. The sketches are unequal in power, some being almost devoid of humor, while others are racy and bright.

Entirely New Cynic's Calendar, 1905 (The). By Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford, and Addison Mizner. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 4×5¾ in. 75c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

Topsyturvy verse and pictures—quaintly comical and comically quaint.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Others. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 362 pages. $1.25.

This is Volume II. of a series and covers the period from 1816–1860, including therefore the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Mexican War. The story of each of the more famous battles of these wars is graphically related; and appended to the book in the form of chronologically arranged notes is a brief résumé of the wars of this period, their causes and results.

Five Little Peppers and Their Friends. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 471 pages. $1.50.

The circle of friends of the little Peppers may widen and ripple on forever for the entertainment of children as long as author and readers endure, for the family has become firmly fixed in the affections of young people. The present book is an illustrated narrative of the doings of some of the "friends."

Greatness. By Henry Ostrom. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×6¾ in. 100 pages. 50c., net.

Heroes of Greek Fairy Tales (The). By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated in Color. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 296 pages. $2.50.

A somewhat showy edition of a book that belongs in every child's library.

Historic Highways of America, Vol. 14. The Great American Canals.—Vol. II. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 5×7¾ in. 234 pages.

The series of "Historic Highways of America" has now reached its fourteenth volume. This volume is devoted to a consideration of the Erie Canal from the time when Poussin was making his "Travaux d'amélioration intérieures des États-Unis" to the present time, when $101,000,000 is about to be spent in improving the old waterway. Thus, from a standpoint of past history and present politics the volume seems to us the most interesting of an interesting series.

History of Columbia University, 1754–1904 (A): Published in Commemoration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of King's College. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 494 pages. $2.50, net.

History of Presbyterianism on Prince Edward's Island. By Rev. John MacLeod. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 279 pages. $1.50, net.

History Syllabus for Secondary Schools (A). By a Special Committee of the New England History Teachers' Association, Herbert Darling Foster, Walter Howard Cushing, and Others. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 375 pages.

Hope Hathaway: A Story of Western Ranch Life. By Frances Parker. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 408 pages.

Holy Grail (The). By Alfred Tennyson. (The Renaissance Series.) The H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 6¼×9 in. 83 pages.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

Intoxicants and Opium in All Lands and Times. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts and Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. Illustrated. (Revised Sixth Edition.) The International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C. 5×8 in. 288 pages. 75c.

Isle of Black Fire. By Howard R. Garis. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 301 pages.

Three American boys form part of an expedition in search of an island not known to civilized man, and unmarked on any chart. Guided by the shipwrecked sailor who has escaped from the savages inhabiting this spot, the expedition meets with adventures numerous and sensational enough to satisfy the most ardent boy reader.

Is There a Santa Claus? By Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×8 in. 29 pages.

An ascription of praise to the Christmas spirit by a man whose contact with some of the worst elements of the world has not in the least diminished his power of admiration. A little anecdote of President Roosevelt finds a natural place here. Very appropriate for a Christmas remembrance.

Jimmie Moore of Bucktown. By Melvin E. Trotter. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 231 pages. 75c., net.

Kate of Kate Hall. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and A. L. Felkin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 425 pages. $1.50.

Life and Work of the Rev. E. J. Peck Among the Eskimos (The). By Rev. Arthur Lewis. Illustrated. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8 in. 349 pages. $1.75, net.

Love Finds the Way. By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 108 pages. $2.

In turning the pages of this *édition de luxe* of a posthumous work, one cannot but feel that the volume, with its sumptuous page decorations in color, is, in a sense, a tribute from the publishers to the dead author whose words are thus flower-enshrined. The story is one of Continental times, when the English and the British were facing each other in New York and New Jersey. The plot is improbable, as is admitted in the last pages; and the story does not reach what is known as the author's average standard.

Li'l' Gal. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 123 pages. $1.50, net.

As the twenty-one lyrics in dialect comprised in this volume have been published before, the public is familiar with them, but admirers of the author's work will be pleased to add to

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their bookshelves so attractive an edition of old favorites. That there are humor, tenderness, and cheeriness in these negro songs by a negro poet needs hardly to be said; and that some laçk qualities that would make them poems need not be insisted on. Attention may be called anew, however, to the merits of "Corn Song," in which only the refrain is dialect.

Little Dame Trot. By Mary Agnes Byrne. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 6×7½ in. 81 pages. 60c.

Little Love Stories of Manhattan. By Melville Chater. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7¾ in. 225 pages. $1.25.

Man on the Box (The). By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 361 pages.

Love stories are not usually burdened with humor, but this one is altogether sprightly and diverting—with a just sufficient infusion of the serious and dramatic to prevent the comedy from palling. The stage is narrow—the scenes not shifting from Washington after the curtain is fairly rung up—and holds only a few actors, but each part tells and deserves an encore.

Manufacturing Cost. By H. L. C. Hall. (The Office Library.) The Book-Keeper Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. $2.

Mr. Kris Kringle: A Christmas Tale. By S. Weir Mitchell. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 105 pages.

This delightful Christmas story, written some years ago to aid a good cause, was worth publishing in its present pretty holiday dress. It is one more evidence of Dr. Mitchell's versatility and command of his art as a writer.

Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag. By Eduard Mörike. Edited by William Guild Howard. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 125 pages.

My Lady Laughter. By Dwight Tilton. Illustrated. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 442 pages.

A story of the days of 1775–6, the scene Boston. Among the characters, arrogant British officers and coquettish Puritan maidens form the element most tending to romantic situations. The colored illustrations are numerous and above the average in merit.

Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy, and the Rise of the Secret Societies (The). By R. M. Johnston. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. $5.

Reserved for later notice.

On Etna. By Norma Lorimer. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

The story of an English girl who forgets that Sicilians are not Englishmen, and by her frank acceptance of the admiration of an impoverished prince comes to grief. She is stolen by brigands, imprisoned and rescued, passing meanwhile through most thrilling and romantic experiences. An improbable story, with touches of insight into human nature here and there, mingled with excellent descriptions of Sicilian effects.

Our People of Foreign Speech: With Particular Reference to Religious Work Among Them. By Samuel McLanahan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 111 pages. 50c., net.

Out of the Northland: Stories from the Northern Myths. By Emilie Kip Baker. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 165 pages. 25c.

Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe (The). Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×7 in. In 6 vols, $6.

An excellent edition as regards clearness of type, beauty of cover design, and flexibility of binding. The pictures vary somewhat in merit.

Presence of God (The). By Chester Wood. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 6×9½ in. 62 pages.

Rome and Its Story. By St. Clair Baddeley and Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9¼ in. 384 pages. $6.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 6½×8 in. 56 pages.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

Story of King Richard II. from the Play of Shakespeare. Retold by Alice Spencer Hoffman. (Stories from Shakespeare's Plays for Children.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 86 pages. 60c., net.

Story of the Tempest of Shakespeare. Retold by Alice Spencer Hoffman. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 86 pages. 60c.

Surgical Emergencies. Part I. **Appendicitis and Other Diseases about the Appendix.** By Bayard Holmes, B.S., M.D. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages.

Switzerland: Picturesque and Descriptive. By Joel Cook. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 519 pages.

Spoken of elsewhere in this issue.

Tale of Benjamin Bunny (The). By Beatrix Potter. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 85 pages. 50c.

Every child who had "Peter Rabbit" will want to find this new little book by the same author in his Christmas stocking, in which it will exactly fit.

Tale of Two Bad Mice (The). By Beatrix Potter. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 71 pages. 50c.

Another jolly little book for children by the author of the inimitable and ever popular "Peter Rabbit."

What is the Bible? By J. A. Ruth. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 172 pages. 75c.

Women in the Fine Arts. By Clara Erskine Clement. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×8 in. 395 pages. $2.50, net.

Mrs. Clement's handbooks are well known, and this is a valuable addition to their number. A brief résumé of the history of women in art forms an interesting introductory chapter to the biographical dictionary which follows, with many full-page illustrations of paintings and sculpture executed by the subjects of her notes.

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